MAR '03
ISSUE No.22

THE SLATE

WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE ALL OVER OUR WALLS?

STENCIL GRAFFITI

IN DUBLIN - SEE INSIDE FOR MORE

PLUS: LOTS OF CORRUPTION AND MEDIOCRITY

LET'S GET BEHIND THE YANKS AND NUKE IRAN NOW

NO BOOZE DAY - HOORAY

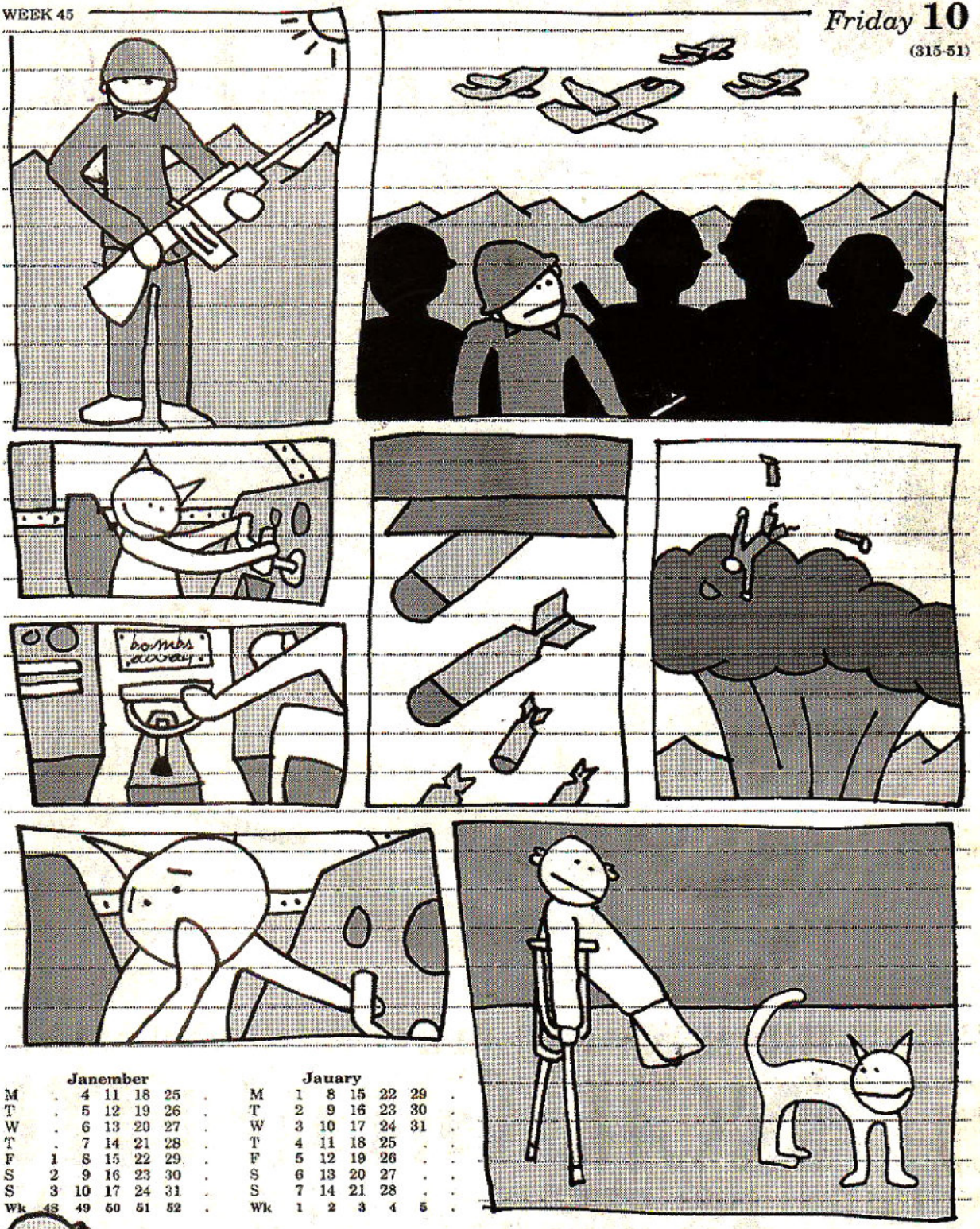
kick the cat

gav beattie

WEEK 45

Friday **10**

(315-51)



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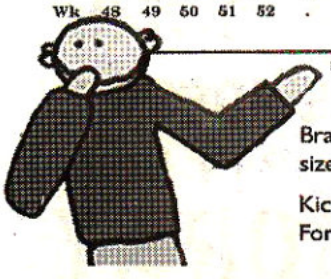

T-SHIRTS!!!

Brand spanking new and lukewarm off the press these 'tractive garments come in a variety of shapes, sizes colours and smells. Email gavbeattie@bigifpublications.com or see ad in the Slate for details...

Kick the Cat also appears in Toenail Clippings, a pure rapid comic that you can get in Tower, Forbidden Planet, Sub City, Secret Book & Record Store or online at **www.bigifpublications.com**

Issue No. 22 March 2003

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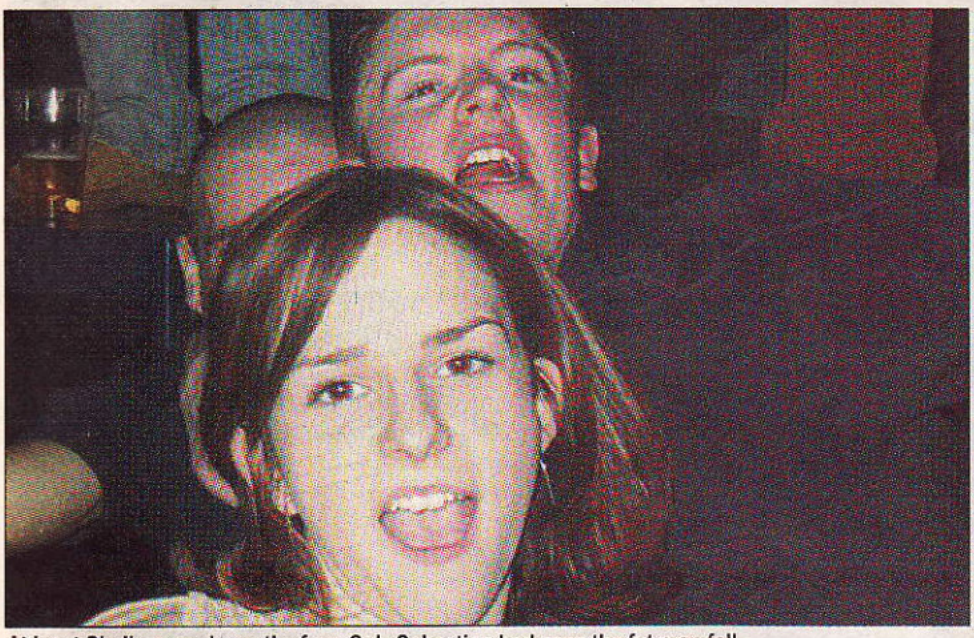

At least Sheila never knew the fear. Only Sebastian had seen the fat man fall.

No Booze Day

Friday 28 February has been designated National Tell the Drinks Trade to Fuck Itself day. The idea is that no-one gives these scum-suckers a penny from dawn til dusk on the day in question. But it's a Friday, so you will need to find some other way of fucking yourself up. Never fear - The Slate is here with all the answers p.9

Stencil Graffiti

Most Dublin graffiti is carried out by naval-gazing nobs with a vain desire to see their name written up on a wall. Thankfully a different, more interesting variant seems to have sprouted up around town over the last while p.11

Classical Brats

After the success of last month's rugby feature, which lead to the cancellation of the Leinster Senior Cup, we turn our attention on another disastrous pastime for children of the middle classes - classical music p.14

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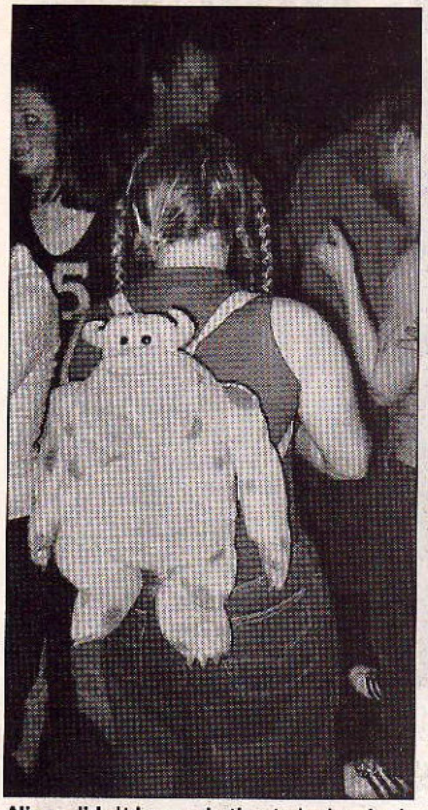
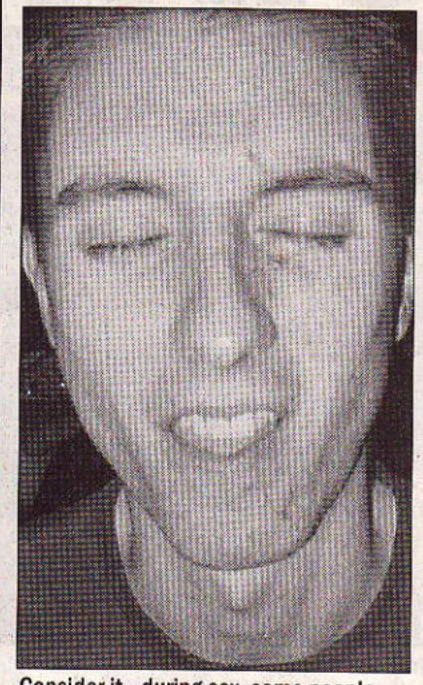
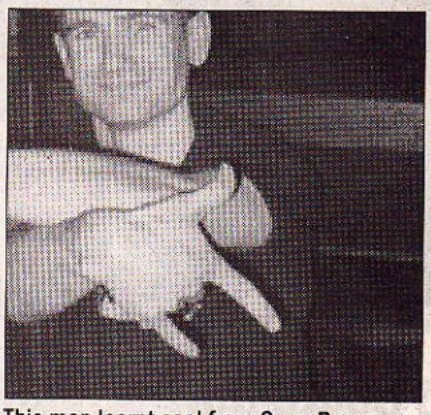


Alison didn't know whether to be insulted or relieved when the assailant chose to rape her bag instead.

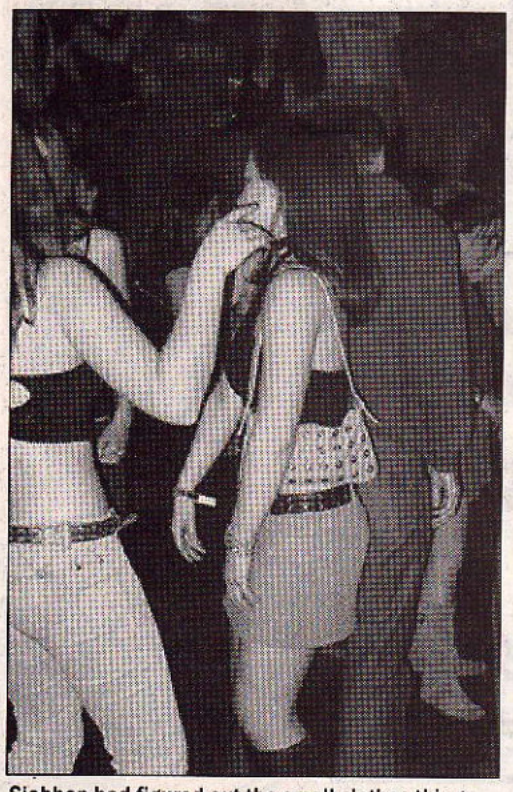


Consider it - during sex, some people have actually seen this above them.

When hairdressers are forgiven.



This man learnt cool from Gerry Ryan.

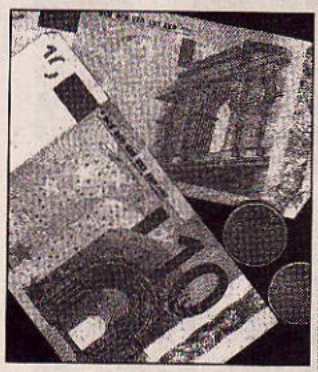


Siobhan had figured out the small clothes thing, but when it came to dancing all she could do was shake her arms like an epileptic.

As Maeve and Claude mocked the funny looking guy, the punters were suddenly deafened by the sound of a glass house breaking.

News

Pissed off about tips?



Money - is yours being robbed?

A NUMBER of unscrupulous and sly restaurants are ripping off staff by taking their tips to pay for the general running of the premises. And the dosy EU are letting them them away scott free with this nonsense.

Late last year the European Court said that any tips paid for by credit card were the property of the restaurant - and it was up to the owner to decide what way they are distributed.

Anyway, the EU might tolerate this kind of highway robbery, but not The Slate. We are inviting all embittered waiters and waitresses to rat their restaurants in and help us compile a blacklist of thieving bosses.

So if you feel you're being ripped off, let us know by emailing **editor@theslate.ie**.

Profile: the Catholic Workers Movement

THERE WAS great excitement around the country last month when a load of crusty nutcases attacked one of the yankee planes down in Shannon. Unsurprisingly, the valiant vandals were cheered on by lefties and other opponents of war, but this subversive act caused a certain amount of confusion when the identity of the perpetrators came to light. To the shame and amazement of law-abiding Catholics across Ireland, it wasn't a crowd of God-hating commies who had done this evil to our friends the Americans - but five self-proclaimed Christians who sat around the damaged plane and had a prayer after they had broken it. And then, when hauled up for their actions, the group started bandying the name of the Lord around with alarming enthusiasm. "The Holy Spirit led our group and we will be acquitted...because we did nothing wrong," said ringleader Ciaron O'Reilly

However, these people aren't your normal mass-going Catholics who stand around outside the church on Sundays calling people hussies when the priest is out of earshot. They are members of the Catholic Workers Movement (CWM) - a radical anti-war group that was founded in the US back in 1933.

After cutting their way into the hangar area, the gang poured human blood all over the runway. Then, according to their own website, they "constructed a shrine on the runway to Iraqi children killed and threatened by U.S./British bombardment and sanctions. The shrine consisted of copies of the Bible and Quran, rosary and muslim prayer beads, flowers, photographs of Iraqi children and Brigid's crosses. They then began to take up the runway, working on its edge with a mallet."

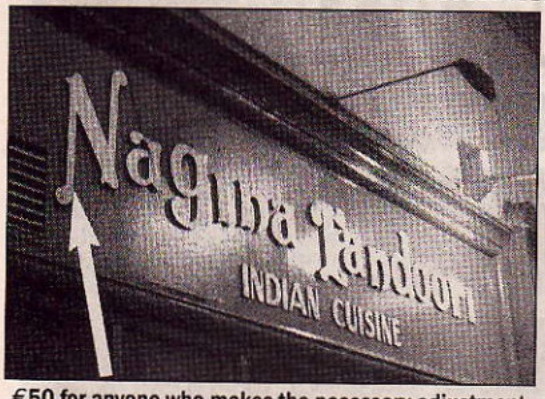
It seems that they really had it in for the runway, and were determined to dismantle the whole thing so that no more US planes could land or take off. "Like the railway tracks that ran to the town of Auschwitz, the runway at Shannon has been militarized for service on an assembly line of death," says their website.

The Irish branch of the CWM seems to be made up of a fairly typical assortment of do-gooders, including one "Catholic anarchist" who describes herself as "an American of Irish-Scots-East Band Cherokee-Dutch descent" who was "born in the nation with more weapons of mass destruction than any other". Anyway, the bad news is that, at the time of going to press, it looks like the corrupt cops and weakling judges are going to stick these crazy Christians in the slammer for a while.

Turn back - I can see Limerick

The five blasphemers

CHRISTIAN COMMIES ATTACK THE YANKS

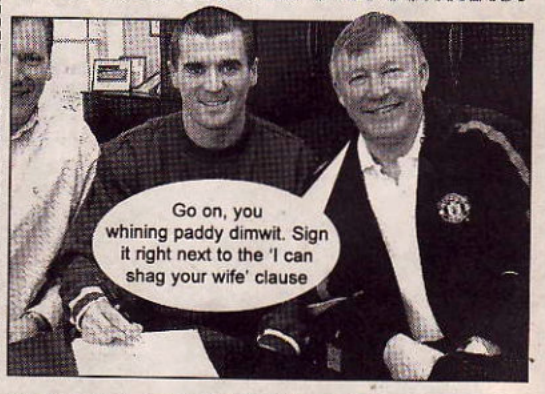


€50 for anyone who makes the necessary adjustment

Fancy a Fanny Casserole?

The Slate would like to recommend this fine restaurant on the left which serves up an array of culinary delights based around the female private parts - Gee stew, Pussy with Potatoes, etc. etc. It's down on George's St. so pop in and mention The Slate. They'll be sure to look after you.

KEANO AGREES NEW UTD. CONTRACT



March Dates for diary

Mon 3rd

Ireland's most unpopular phone network, Meteor are insisting on holding another insignificant Music Awards ceremony. All the winners will have to be practically paid to turn up to receive their worthless prize. And plebs have to fork out €30 to get in.

meteor IRELAND MUSIC AWARDS

Tues 4th

Pancake Tuesday. This is Shrove Tuesday, the official day of preparation of Lent, but has sadly been divested of it's true meaning by an increase in drinking, homosexuality and foreign values in our once great country.

Complainers' Corner

LAST MONTH we carried a Pulitzer Prize-winning article about how Cork is a miserable kip and everyone who lives there sounds like they grew up in a dog kennel. Unsurprisingly, some of the provincials couldn't handle this truthfulness, and we received a flood of illiterate complaints from the Midlands.

One langer in particular, Paul Nelligan wrote us a long fuming missive which got off on completely the wrong footing by asking whether we had meant to write "a humourous put down of cork meant in a friendly way?" Needless to say, we have no interest in making friends with brain-impaired langers and our sole intention was to tell everyone the dreadful truth about this city of theirs.

We had pointed out that Cork people do most of their clubbing in a supermarket, and Mr. Nelligan got straight up on his high horse about this. "Big deal if it [the Savoy nightclub] is in a shopping centre, what's the problem? it's a big venue and it's not as if being located in a shopping centre affects the quality of clubbing ... Also, it's not Cork's only nightclub, other's include Sir Henry's, the Half moon club and One, with numerous other clubnights in various clubs and for those who are..." blah, blah, blah.

Does he really think that Dublin is so devoid of things to do that we have time to sit around reading quaint postcards about how many exciting events are taking place down the country?

And the self-righteousness didn't stop there. "I think the main thing that pissed me off about this article is the stupidity of the writer in saying that everyone in cork (300,000) people is a wanker (Sure while we're at it, we might as well throw in the blacks and the chinese)... There are nice people and not so nice people everywhere you go, including cork and dublin (in fact, I've many friends from dublin)..." This blabbering finishes with Paulie saying that he is "awaiting your response". Well Paul, our response is: you can fuck off because we don't give a bollox what dumb Cork feens think of us.

Seanad Alert!

Our majestic Upper House is under attack

Bad news. Ireland's most important institution - the Seanad - is set to be ruined by an influx of bricklayers and plumbers from the DIT colleges.

It is a well-known fact that school-leavers are only sent to these establishments when it is discovered that they are not intelligent enough to attend proper universities. And this was always recognised by our great Senate, which only allowed graduates of Trinity, UCD, and the other bogger NUI colleges to vote for their own quota of senators.

Now though, the ranks will be diluted by buffoons from places like DCU and Waterford IT. Having quarantined these people safely away from their social superiors, our leaders are now foolishly letting them back into normal society.

The Seanad - a debating chamber that talked tirelessly to reach irrelevant conclusions - will now be taken over by 'practical'-minded people.

And what about tired old political cattle like Mary O'Rourke, for whom the Seanad has become a very nice resting place? Their karma will be totally ruined when members of the labouring classes come charging into the chamber, making a racket and not having a clue how to carry on.

Senator David Norris of the Trin - probably not happy about all this

Clever boy of the month

Craig David

Q magazine: **Who is the greatest living Englishman?**

Craig: **It's got to be Churchill**

Q, March 2003

Blighty's bars move in

With its fruit machines and dog-smelling carpets, England is famous as the land of the shit pub. But Dublin drink dens have now got so disgusting and expensive that the Brits are confident they can start exporting their piss pits over here.

One crowd in particular - cut-price specialists JD Witherspoon, who own 540 English pubs - have bought a massive premises on Capel St. and are threatening to start selling pints off for as little as €2 each.

Judging by the standard of booze in most English pubs, JDW probably achieve these prices by making customers piss their beer back into the kegs. But at this stage, Irish drinkers have been so badly raped by the pub trade that this venture will almost certainly be a storming success.

JOIN THE SLATE MAILING LIST

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join except for Ronnie Whelan, so get your holes in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

I am on this holy list

Wed 5th

Ash Wednesday is much more fun than Pancake Tuesday. Instead of getting worked up over a few damp pancakes and having a shit load of washing up to do afterwards, you get to walk around town with this tremendous dirty mark on your face like it's the most normal thing on earth.

Wed 5th

As happy coincidence would have it, the Islamic New Year also begins today.

Wed 12th

And today is also the Christian day of prayer for women - how great is that? Things are taking a religious bent in the timeline this month, and the Slate is fully supportive of this turn back to God.

TRAPPED IN A FLAT

Our new game re-creates the atmosphere of a crap Dublin apartment block

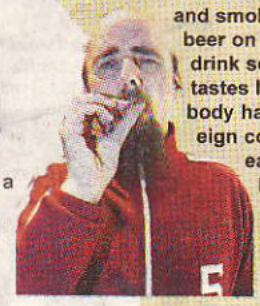
IN THE boom years, lots of flash looking apartments sprang up across Dublin like malignant toadstools.

These unsteady edifices looked all right when they first went on the market, but are now characterised by dirtiness and pokey rooms that look out onto nearby walls and bizarre 'garden' areas, which usually have the atmosphere of a jailhouse exercise yard. The apartments are also often arranged around long, dark tenement-style corridors, which would put you in mind of a scene from The Shining once you've had a few drinks or perhaps taken some drugs. This means that getting lost in these buildings is a regular occurrence, and countless hours after having left some shit party, you are likely to be found stuck halfway out a fire escape on the top floor by a janitor looking for his dog.

Now you can re-live this great experience from the safety of your own home with The Slate's fabulous new board game

STARTING AREA

All players must cram themselves into the undersized kitchen of one of these kips and smoke bad Dublin hash, pour beer on the floor, shout and perhaps drink some noxious spirit which tastes like silage effluent that somebody has brought home from a foreign country. After about 10 hours, each contestant contracts a hash-induced headache, leaves the apartment and sets out on their mission to find an exit in the complex without having to call the fire brigade.



Accidentally you find your way to the lift. However, it will only move in a sideways direction and there are two tramps living in it, so you have to use the stairs.

You encounter the ghost of one of the eighty labourers who died because of lax safety precautions on the building site. He chases you with a jackhammer and you run back the way you came.

You blunder into a party full of tattooed hooligans in Celtic jerseys who are sitting around a ouija board trying to call up the spirit of Robert Emmet. They force you to participate but things go wrong and you end up being possessed by George Harrison for 8 hours. Miss three turns.

You're better off on the streets than in one of these shitholes

Cost-cutting measures by the builders meant that vital floorboards were not put in just below the place where you are standing. You fall fifty meters and are impaled on a green lava lamp purchased in Foko on Georges St. You survive - but miss two goes for coming into contact with such a tacky object.

At last! You are in the lobby of the building. Alas, you slip on all the don't-attack-Iraq fliers that have assembled uselessly by the letterboxes and break your nose.

You find yourself a few tantalising feet from freedom, at a gate at the edge of the complex. You attempt to buzz the apartment you came from but there is some kind of wiring problem which causes the panel to start blaring out Beethoven's 9th Symphony and then electrocute you. Game over - back to the beginning

Fri 7th - 9th

Probably the best reason to destroy England is the Crufts dog show, an unbelievable atrocity featuring unsightly dogs being paraded about the place by their deformed owners.

Sat 8th

The final of the fantastic 'You're a Star' programme takes place in the Helix Theatre in some dangerous part of northside Dublin

Fri 14th

Today is officially Yanky Nerd day - just because it's March 14th (3.14) they celebrate Pi Approximation Day. We guarantee we are not making this up. Osama, all is forgiven

No Booze Day

Here's a guide to getting fucked up during this most holy 24 hrs

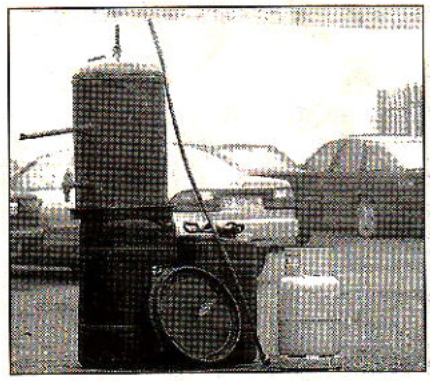
GREAT NEWS - in response to the disgraceful price of drink in Ireland, some people have decided to organise a National Boycott of pubs and nightclubs on Friday 28th February. However, it is obviously not acceptable that people should have to remain sober for the duration of this day, and the Slate is at hand to make sure you can get as off your face as usual without handing any cash over to these cunts

The American Dream

This sensational pastime is popular with children in Irish colleges where drink and drugs are in short supply. Get down on your hunkers with your mates around you and take 30 very sharp breaths. Stand up immediately and get a pal to choke you. You will then faint and fall limp to the ground. With any luck, you will wake up a few seconds later having experienced wild hallucinations and start running around the house feeling like a million euro. You will probably be under the impression that you have been asleep for hours, giving the people present ample scope to lie about how you scratched your genital area for eight hours while shouting your father's name.

Chew some Khat

€1.27million worth of this great plant was collared by the Gardai last week. Chewing one leaf has a strong amphetamine effect, and it is massively popular in Kenya and Somalia. It has some minor drawbacks such as cancer of the mouth and tongue, constipation, insomnia and impotence - but a one-day experiment won't hurt.



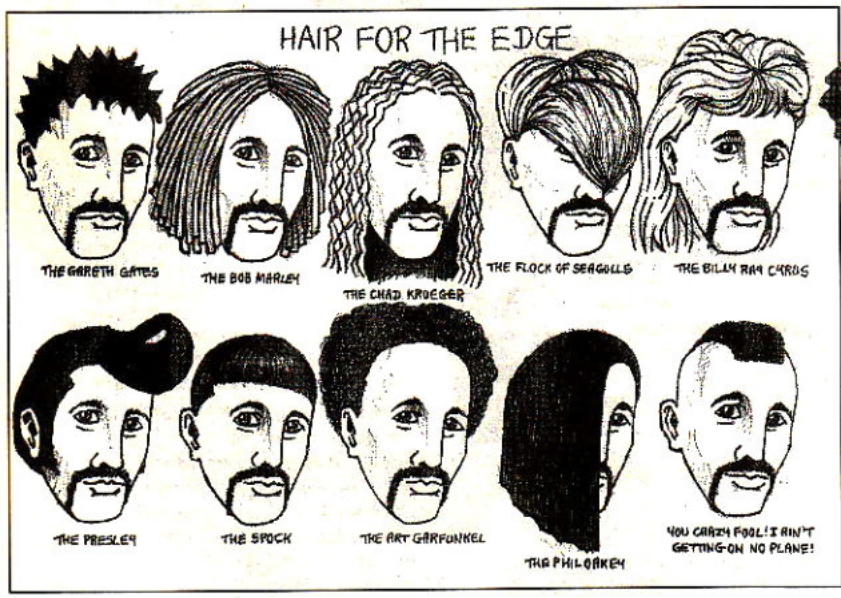
Some Poitin making equipment seized by the ever vigilant boys in blue

Tippex Thinners, glue etc

Another schoolyard favourite is Tippex thinner. A few sniffs of this will get you distinctly high, but may also give you nasty flashbacks to that time when you were expelled from school.

Poitin

Vile tasting pisswater made in ditches and slurry pits around the country. Thankfully it's totally illegal so you can consume it today without any feelings of guilt. If you can't find any, prepare in advance and make some yourself. Here are the ingredients - we have no idea what you do with them. 7lbs of Baker's Yeast; 3lbs of Brown Sugar; 4lbs of Treacle; 1lb of Hops.



Paedo of the Month

tATu boss Ivan Shapovalov is March's worthy winner

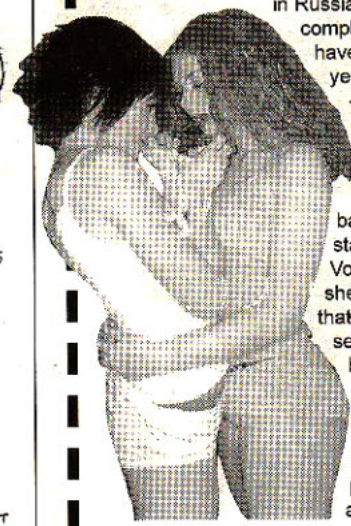
POP BOSS Ivan struck a blow for paedos around the world last month when he openly admitted that he has the hots for young girls. Shapovalov, who manages sexy teen lesbians tATu, told the Sun newspaper that he "got the idea of tATu from market research.

"I saw that most people look up pornography on the Internet and of those, most are looking for underage sex. I saw their needs weren't fulfilled. Later, it turned out, I was right. This is the same as my own desires. I prefer underage girls." Bravo.

And Shapovalov went on to say that he has a constant stream of nubile young ladies coming to him desperate for a shot at pop stardom: "I take advantage of this constantly," said Ivan the Great. "Constantly! This is how I intend to find a new bride."

The shortsighted Sun and their readers were up in arms at Ivan's candid sex talk. The paper labeled him a 'sick svengali' and someone called Richard Stephen wrote in from Middle England to complain about Ivan's sexual preferences. "TATU'S manager Ivan Shapovalov is really sick. Fancy confessing that he would like to have sex with underage girls. I hope notes of his interview with The Sun are passed to the police so they can look into the matter."

Well Richard, unlike you, lucky Ivan lives in Russia where it is completely legal to have sex with 14-year-old girls. So - even though there is a rumour going around that he banged tATu star Julia Volkova when she was just over that age of consent - this broad-minded man can rest easy that no nosey parkers will be prying into his affairs in the near future.



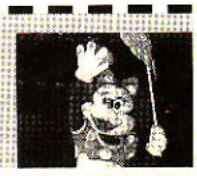
Disgraceful

Sat 8th

The Oscars take place in Hollywood. Keith Duffy is hot favourite in the lowest IQ category, and Colin Farrell has received a special nomination for managing to embarrass Ireland everytime he opens his mouth to a newspaper.

Mon 10th - Sun 16th

Disney on Ice presents Beauty and the Beast in The Point. Brendan Grace will be playing Beauty and Twink will be the Beast.



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THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND PREPARES FOR WAR!

Everyone must learn to drive one of these

In this time of crisis, your government is here to guide you through the storm

Listen up now everyone. We have a safety plan which will make sure that no harm befalls our citizens during the upcoming clash of the civilizations. After the great success of our Sellafield attack plan (thanks to which nobody at all was harmed by radiocative waste) we are confident that his latest strategy will have everyone good and ready when the chemical bombs start landing. So pay attention, while we explain exactly what is required of you over the coming weeks.

1. Switch off your Mobile Phones

It is well-known that mobile phones give off strong, cancerous signals that interfere with radio waves and generally cause everything around them to make annoying noises whenever there is even a hint of a call coming through. Well this is exactly the kind of data that Saddam will use to locate Ireland and blow our beautiful country to smithereens with his weapons of mass destruction. So if everyone stops using their phones, there will be no signal and Saddam will think that Ireland has either moved or disappeared. With any luck, he will then forget about us and destroy the Brits instead.

2. Iodine tablets at the ready

These were handed out to everyone back when there it looked like Al-Qaeda were going to fly their planes into Sellafield. Now that we have gone back to just being gradually nuked to death, many people may have forgotten about or mislaid their tablets. Please locate them immediately. If you see any weapons of mass destruction flying through the sky, run outside and, along with everyone else on your street, throw your tablets at the onrushing missile. According to Department of Defence calculations, this will cause the bomb to turn around and fly straight back into a Baghdad hospital, school or some other strategic military target.

3. Attend mass daily

If everyone in Ireland says a decent amount of prayers every day it will give our God even greater strength as he goes out to do battle with Allah in the skies above Iraq. To help achieve this end, the Angelus will be broadcast every fifteen minutes for the duration of the war.

4. Public Executions

In order to keep public morale high, the government will be putting someone to death every day during the war. The executions will take place on O'Connell St. where someone - usually a rapist or an arab - will be impaled on top of the Spike and left there to die slowly. We have also invested in a fleet of vultures who will swoop in from the Dublin mountains every morning and feed on what remains of the criminals' carcasses. This event will be broadcast live on TV3, with psycho weatherman Martin King fronting the exciting show.

This was taken on Camden St.

All photographs by Clare Connoly, except the Dart shot below which was robbed off some website

SCRAWLS ON THE WALL

AFTER YEARS OF SHIT, DUBLIN GRAFFITI SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A TURN FOR THE BETTER

DUBLIN IS not exactly known as a hotbed of graffiti activity. Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, our benches, lampposts and pavements were covered with the kind of un-artistic scrawls that would only have interested the most obsessive social anthropologists: Ring Ann-Marie for blowjobs; Jason does the sunbeds, etc.

Then, about ten years after the rest of the world, a load of Southsiders started getting into rap music and hip hop-style graffiti began to appear around Dublin. Over in the States and Britain, this kind of thing is taken very seriously. As hip hop culture swept across the US in the early 90s, morons of every description started writing popular culture essays about how this graffiti was the only 'true' art, because it couldn't be bought or sold and it 'broke free from the limiting influence of the gallery space'.

What they neglected to say was that, as an art form, 'tagging' expressed nothing except the name of the cunt who had sprayed it on the wall, and also completely failed to develop stylistically from its original, unreadable bubble look and saccharine sweet colour schemes.

Nowadays, Dublin is full of annoying, derivative versions of this crap. And, while it may have been slightly subversive about twenty years ago, this hip hop graffiti is now about as underground as Marian Finnucane. For proof, look no further than the recent Red Bull-sponsored Graffiti Wall in Smithfield square, a cosy corporate space on which all the wiggers were invited to come and spray their silly-looking tags.

Thank Jaysus then that over the last year or so, some people in Dublin appear to be getting up off their holes and doing something slightly interesting with their spray cans. The stencil method of street graffiti has long been used in England and continental Europe as a way for lefty groups to publicise their slogans and events. It is also often employed by lone artist nutters who go around spraying up philosophical statements and images that no one understands.

Stencil graffiti is almost always based around a single colour, and as a result is far starker than its multicoloured hip hop counterpart. It is also much easier to apply than the bubble style. While the hip hop technique involved spending hours out on a site doing all the work with a constant risk of being interrupted by the pigs, most of the labour with a stencil is done in the safety of your own home. You design a blueprint in your room, cut it into a piece of cardboard and then head out with can of paint in

This bubbly bullshit will hopefully die out soon

contd from p11

on a wall in the length of time it takes to buy a mars bar and then fuck off to spray it somewhere else.

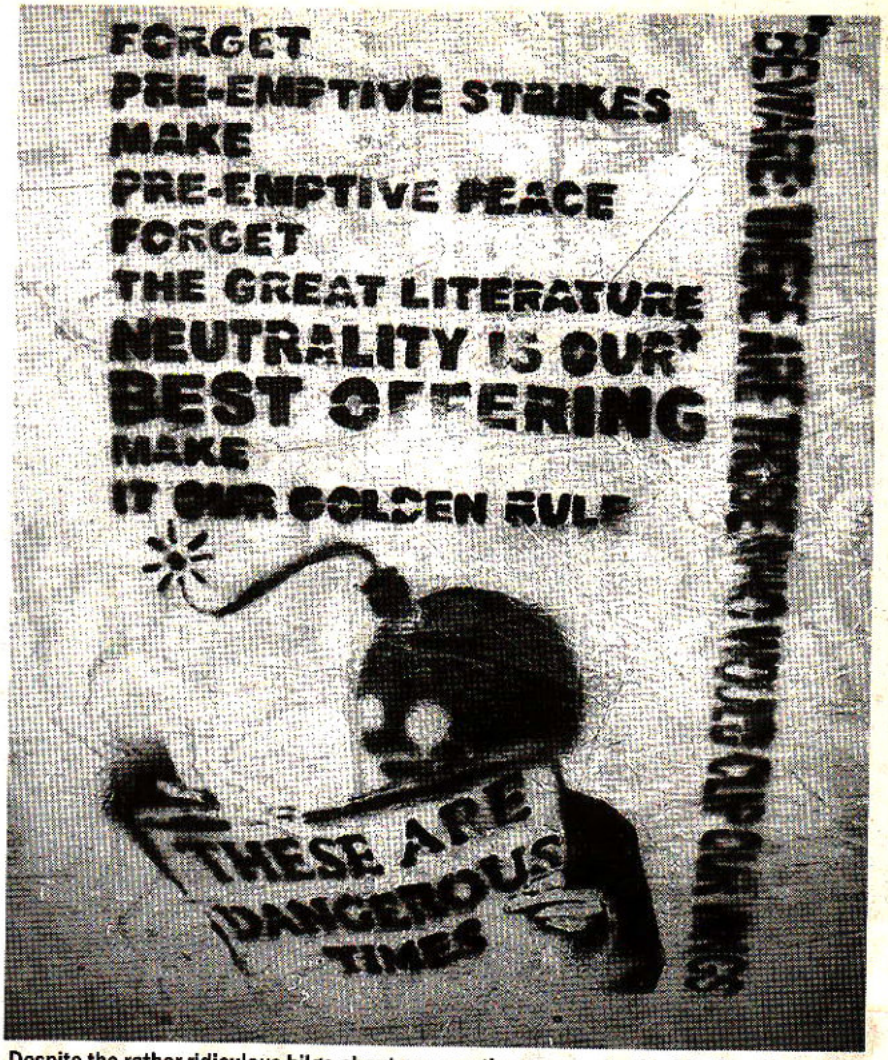
Thus the risk of getting caught is minimised and the only thing limiting the impact of your piece is your imagination. This speedy application also means that you can get your graffiti up in far more visible spots than just the back of a wall in a Clondalkin housing estate.

The first particularly noticeable signs of this stencil technique being used around town were in the lead up to events like Buy Nothing Day and the Reclaim the Streets protests. Seeing as most people carefully ignore any lefty leaflets that are pushed at them on the street, this was an effective and economical way of publicising the event. Around the time in question, pieces were appearing all over central Dublin, reminding everybody concerned about the date and time of the assembly and creating a bit of hype around it at the same time. The one below was pictured on Parnell St.

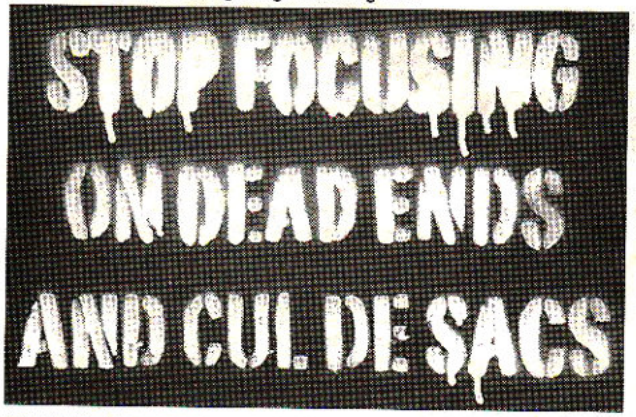
However, it has been the growing anti-war campaign which has nudged things onto a different level altogether. A series of more complex and unusual pieces began appearing about six months ago, as typified by the one on the right, which appeared on hoardings around St Stephen's Green. Some of the war sentiments expressed in it are pretty moronic and simplistic; but luckily a lot of the text has been obscured by the rough nature of stencil used and you can't read much of it. All that's left is the rather unusual image of a guy with a bomb for his head reading the paper. Unfortunately the hoardings on which it was displayed have now been knocked down.

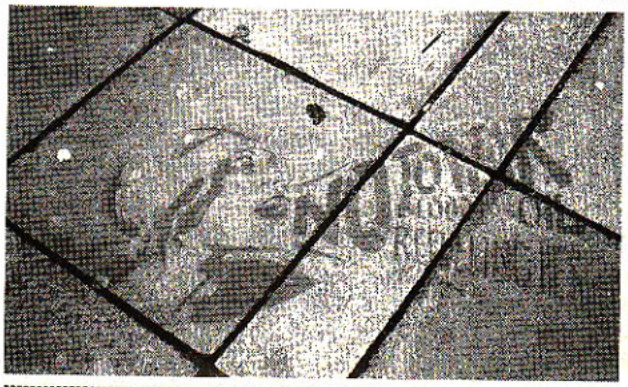
Another interesting bit of work turned up on the pavement outside the Ambassador, which used an old Russian Commie image with a few added anti war slogans. While not the most original piece ever, it certainly represents a departure of some sort for Dublin.

Other examples have been springing up about the place which are not related to Iraq at all (some included on this page) and indicate that this kind of work is motivated by a desire to spread more general messages or just to see some decent looking graffiti appearing on Dublin walls. Whatever the reason, hopefully they represent some kind of new beginning in Dublin graffiti.



Despite the rather ridiculous bilge about pre-emptive peace, etc. this bit of graffiti must have had quite a lot of heads turning before the hordings it was on were knocked down



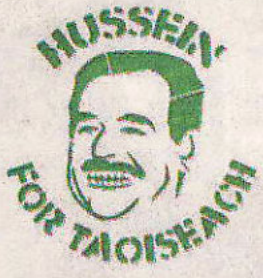


DO IT THYSELF

BOMB LIMERICK

It's cheap and easy to vandalise walls all over Dublin. Here are a few pointers

BASIC STENCIL graffiti is piss-easy and cheap. First of all - the paint. You'll get spray cans from most art shops, but make sure you buy the kind that won't be washed off by the severely persistent Irish rain. Enamel car paint is very strong and almost impossible to get off or paint over - totally vicious. Spray it on your mates' new clothes for fun - they'll have to throw them out immediately. Ring up a car accessories supplier and he should be able to furnish you with some that won't kill you with the fumes.



The easiest thing to do is go to Allcity Records (01-677 2994) on Crowe St. in Temple Bar. They specialise in outdoor spray paints, and sell 600ml Molotow Premium spray cans at €7.50 each, as well as Montana and Belton Premium brands. Ask for Davey Smith - he's a decent skin who'll sort you out for what you're looking for.

The next step is getting some decent stencil material - you'll need a fairly stiff, thick card that won't get soggy too quickly and won't fold all over the place. Kennedy's on Harcourt St. (01-475 1749) sell ideal stuff, even if it is a bit pricey. Just go in and ask for some stencil card - it's €4.94 per A3 sheet. It's nice and thick and has a waxy finish which means your stencil should stand up to repeated use. Otherwise, use the back of a cereal packet for smaller, more short-term stencils.

Make sure you have pockets that are big enough to hold the spray cans, and also something to hide your stencils in case the filth is around. A newspaper is good for smaller stencils, but you'll need some kind of portfolio carrier to keep bigger ones away from the eyes of potential snitches.

And that's about it - some people will advise you to buy gas masks. These rather cool-looking objects will make you feel the part as you spray up whatever nonsense came into your head the previous night when you were stoned, and will probably prevent you meeting an early end due to toxic paint inhalation. Waterproof gloves are also advisable, although are not quite so stylish.

If you are too cock-eyed to design your own stencils, you can download some images from our superb website (www.theslate.ie). Here, you will find the images to the right in Adobe Acrobat format, which can be viewed using Acrobat Reader (available free from www.adobe.com). We've also included a full alphabet for download too.

Print out the image and then blow it up to the desired size using the photocopier in work/ college/ Read's on Nassau St./ wherever the fuck you want. Then stick the blown up design on your stencil, cut out the shape through the paper using a scalpel (available at laughable prices from any art shop) and you're ready to cause some criminal damage to property wherever you choose.

CHECK
WWW.THESLATE.IE
FOR MORE STENCILS LIKE THESE

Budějovický Budvar®

REAL BEER FOR REAL PEOPLE

BREWED USING SPRING WATER, FRESH HOPS, YEAST AND BARLEY
IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM THE CZECH REPUBLIC

Little Classical Brats

In the second of our series on the dangerous pastimes of middle class kids, we profile the orchestra crowd

Barry Hughes

Barry Hughes

A FAVOURITE pursuit of the Dublin middle-classes is to send their children off to learn how to play a classical musical instrument. Originally a Protestant thing to do, this act of cruelty has now spread to the posh Catholic classes who want to infuse their offspring with refinement and sophistication in the hope that it will prevent them from turning into anarchists or rapists.

However, the whole thing is an entirely wasteful exercise, as most modern Irish paisti are completely unsuited to anything except torturing garden insects, drinking white spirits by accident and exposing their genitalia to passing men.

TEACHERS & LESSONS

Music teachers are mostly terrifying individuals with serious character flaws which render them unsuitable for any kind of human contact. However, these people are given unsupervised weekly access to children and God knows what could be happening. At any rate, very little music is going on - kids are actively discouraged from playing any. Instead, the preferred method of instruction is to force them to practice hours of repetitive, deadening technical exercises which make being stuck inside a cement mixer seem like great fun.

Barry Hughes

ORCHESTRAS

Unlike school, where academic high achievers are stabbed with Stanley blades and regularly encouraged to take their own lives, talented young musicians are given great encouragement in orchestras. Normal children are intimidated by such an unnatural scenario, and spend breaks smoking cigarettes outside the rehearsal building and glaring bitterly as little monsters with names like Tristan and Pomegranate chat smugly about how many concertos they can play. Luckily though, as they reach their mid-teens, most normal Irish children drop out of the Orchestra to take up the drums in a death metal band.

CONCERTS

Cacophonous end-of-year concerts are performed in which tone-deaf mothers glow with pride as their little darling plays the same out-of-tune note with a blank look on their face for every piece. Despite the brutal dirges being blasted out, the average father will fall asleep within five minutes of arriving and spend the duration of the performance being prodded by his wife and clapping at the wrong times.

What instrument is right for your little treasure?

With eminent child psychologist Dr. Garfield Glitter

The Trombone

If your daughter spends an unusual amount of time on the internet, she is probably having conversations with sex-monsters and terrorists on a daily basis. Sell the computer and buy her a trombone. This is an unglamorous, difficult and ridiculous-looking instrument which should make her become a nun just to get away from it - not ideal, but at least she won't be looking up filth on the net.

Harmonica

The favoured instrument of simpletons and homeless people everywhere, this is ideal if your child has hit puberty and still cannot do subtraction.

Lambeg Drum

Or the drum of peace, as it is known. If you feel your little darling is getting a bit too boisterous, buy him one of these, paint it blue, red and white and send him out onto the Falls Road for the afternoon.

U-turn of the decade

IN A totally foolish cover-article about Eminem two years ago, Hotpress decided that the Detroit rapper was such a menace to society that he wasn't fit to walk on the face of the earth. 'To Hell With Eminem' ran their preposterous front page headline (right). Inside they noted "He's clicked with kids in the 10-15-age bracket, triggering the usual waves of distaste not just through teachers, police, priests or the ever present 'spokespeople', but also a generation of parents raised on rock 'n' roll'."

Out with the old

In with the new

This great achievement was greeted with horror by the HP gimps. Who was this little upstart, pissing all over the liberal dream and outselling Irish greats like Horslips, Something Happens and Enya? In response, some asswipe called Peter Murphy wrote one of the most laughable attacks on Eminem ever.

However, now that Mathers has become suitably mainstream and boring, HP feel have decided to pretend they were behind the white rapper from the start. In a brilliant move, they employed this same idiot to write a new cover story (see above), and clearly instructed him to directly contradict himself in every way, hoping that everybody would have forgotten his embarrassing original article.

However, The Slate is at hand to illustrate this glorious U-turn:

THEN:
"Why is the world suddenly falling at the feet of a venomous bottle-blonde who's penned some of the most repugnant, hate-filled lyrics since the invention of the gramophone record?"

NOW:
"I've no time for PC plodders who go around being professionally offended on behalf of others, nor those who want to rewrite the first amendment when it comes to their own social clique"

THEN:
Eminem represents "the most profane betrayal of the core values of the hippy and even punk movements

NOW:
"The cumulative weight of three 70-minute albums crammed with complex couplets, quality one liners... and a seemingly inexhaustible stream of consciousness (is) up there with Dylan's mid 60s trilogy"

THEN
"Must we fling this filth at our hip hop kids?"

NOW:
"One of the things that made Eminem's debut so mind-blowing was that you could hear in it the impotence and trapped-rat rage of a young provider who couldn't provide."

The 98fm Asshole

Have you been besieged on the street by idiots you've never seen before gibbering about 'The 98FM fugitive'? Dublin has a host of low-grade radio stations, and none are as bad as the dire 98FM.

Their latest devious marketing gimmick is to announce on the airwaves that 'The 98FM fugitive' is lurking in some part of the city. The first person to identify him or her wins a prize - it could be a trip to Limerick for all we know - and thus a mob of office workers and security guards abandon their posts in a desperate goldrush to find this person.

Swarms of gullible fools can be found in the designated area, urgently pestering innocent passers by like frenzied Jehovah's Witnesses.

If you find yourself mistaken for quarry in this bizarre hunt, ring 98FM on 670 8970 and curse loudly into the phone. Alternatively, put the coupon above in an envelope and hand it to the next muppet who approaches you and pesters you about this ridiculous contest.

Congratulations! You have successfully found the 98FM Fugitive! Call around to our offices in The Malthouse, Grand Canal Quay, Dublin 2 to claim your €5,000 prize!

THANK GOD FOR OUR KIND CELEBS

There is nothing we at The Slate like doing more than raising cupla Euro for charity. And to help our cause we have been given all sorts of fantastic celebrity items to auction off. Read on

Michael O'Leary
In an unprecedented move, Ryanair boss Michael has given us the steam off his piss. However, he stressed that terms and conditions apply, and the offer is subject to availability.

Roy Keane
Roy was going to give us the steam off his piss too, but then Alex Ferguson insisted that it was the property of Manchester United and everyone in Ireland could fuck off.

Andrea Corr
Andrea has very kindly donated all her clothes to this noble cause. After a few weeks on her great new diet the stunning singer has found that none of them fit her any more and she has hired the people who put wrapping onto chocolate bars to make her a colourful new wardrobe.

Gayle Killilea
Ireland's top gossip columnist has kindly given us her old breasts, which were recently replaced by a set of plastic ones from the joke shop on South King St.

Alan Cantwell

TV3's popular newsreader has done a fart in a bag and sent it in to be auctioned off for charity.

Irish Sports Journalists
The sports journalists of Ireland will be donating the list of people they incorrectly predicted would get the job to succeed Mick McCarthy as Ireland manager. Containing over 250,000 names, the list includes Mohammed Ali, Saddam Hussein, Jack Lynch and Eminem.

John Creedon
RTE's most annoying broadcaster has parted with a signed copy of his autobiography 'I'm still a Virgin, Granny.'

Amanda Brunker & Jordan
These two abominable beasts have offered to have a mud-wrestling match which will be broadcast live over the internet. However, we are anticipating a flood of perverted tabloid journalists to log onto the site simultaneously when it begins and thus the server will more than likely crash.

Congratulations! You have successfully found the 98FM Fugitive! Call around to our offices in The Malthouse, Grand Canal Quay, Dublin 2 to claim your €5,000 prize!

To Do List: Michael McDowell

The week ahead

- MONDAY Tell Harney we are re-naming the PDs - either the National unSocialist Party, the No Parties Party, or the McDowell Mavericks

- TUESDAY Make a speech about how highly Ireland values our immigrant cultures

- WEDNESDAY Send some asylum seekers back to Bongo Bongo land

- THURSDAY Make inflammatory speech about nothing

- FRIDAY NIGHT Get driven around town in Mercedes shutting down any pubs with music playing or people enjoying themselves

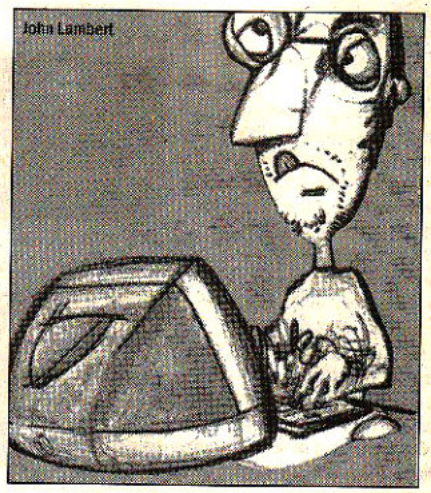
- SATURDAY Dinner at home with Garda Commissioner Byrne (get Blackshirts gear down from attic for that)

- SUNDAY MORNING Get up early and walk around Dublin taking the names of anyone who is seen coming home from an all-night party

- SUNDAY AFTERNOON Work on double chin in front of mirror (2 hours)

SAFE SEX FOR PAEDOPHILES

Paedo corner tackles the issues that matter to inter-generational lovers



Oh yes - lovely

As Ireland's only child sex mag, we are always trying to keep abreast of the challenges and problems facing paedophiles in this country. Sadly, since police were tipped off to the existence of the Internet and computers in general some months ago, it has become much harder for ordinary decent paedos to get in touch with each other and exchange pictures, etc. However, if you follow this simple and safe guide, you'll be in porno paradise in no time.

Magazines

While the authorities take a dim view of the many hardcore 'adult' mags available on the market today, they turn a blind eye to a whole host of soft-core kiddie porn publications. This column's personal favorites include Smash Hits and the perennial Just-17, but any tATu fanzine would be running them close at this stage. The newsagent himself will probably give you a knowing glare as you purchase them. Just flash him one back - after all, he's the one profiteering from this filth.

Videos

Videos can also provide relief in moments of heightened desire. Why not offer to film a nephew's communion or bar mitzvah? Use your imagination - arrange a fun game of twister at the party afterwards, or a water pistol fight. Remember, if the footage is good enough, it could earn you a tidy sum on e-bay afterwards.

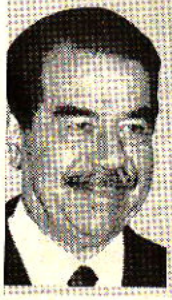
Sports Day

But for those red-faced moments of lunatic frustration, nothing beats some actual physical contact. Once again, discretion is required, unless you want to get caught like Tim Allen and wind up spending a fortnight picking paper bags off the street and fixing pool tables in convalescent homes. One clever trick is to show up at the local school sports day and enroll as a substitute parent. That way, you might find yourself paired with some poor orphan for a wheelbarrow race or even a three-legged dash. Prepare to wait in line though, as the gym teacher and parish priest usually get first pick.

Next week, we'll be investigating the feasibility of erecting a bouncy castle in your back

IRELAND & IRAQ

OUR TWO GREAT COUNTRIES SHARE A PROUD HISTORY



1979 - Saddam murders all his opponents and becomes president of Iraq. Starts nuclear weapons programme and sets up no-non-sense regime in which most citizens are tortured at least once and police dogs are trained to rape women prisoners. Rock on.

1979 - Ireland's Minister for Health Charles Haughey goes to Iraq and extends the hand of friendship to this great new leader. The two get on like a house on fire, and agree that Ireland and the noble Saddam regime have a fantastic future as trading partners.

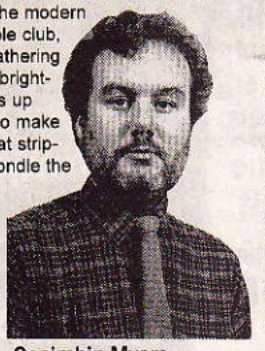
Early 1980s - Ireland's special relationship with Iraq is developed further when Industry and Commerce Minister Dessie O'Malley visits the country to make friends with more people in Saddam's regime. This cosy partnership is handy during the oil crisis, when Ireland avoids a massive petrol shortage by buying up oil from Iraq.

Mid-1980s - Things aren't going so well in the war with Iran, so Saddam starts using a cocktail of nerve gas, sarin gas, cluster bombs, anthrax, etc. These tactics work a treat, and well over half a million Iranians are killed.

PROFILE: The Myles O'Toole Club

Some of Ireland's top Protestants have set up a dirty jokes club to keep themselves amused

NOT SO long ago, we wrote a triumphant article about how West Brit gentlemen's clubs had more or less been driven out of Ireland. Well unfortunately at least one of these institutions is surviving and thriving into the modern era. The Myles O'Toole club, as it is known, is a gathering of Ireland's best and brightest men, which meets up every now and then to make business deals, leer at strippers and drunkenly fondle the breasts of passing females. And, in the tradition of all the best elite establishments, members are forced to take a ridiculous vow of silence when they join.



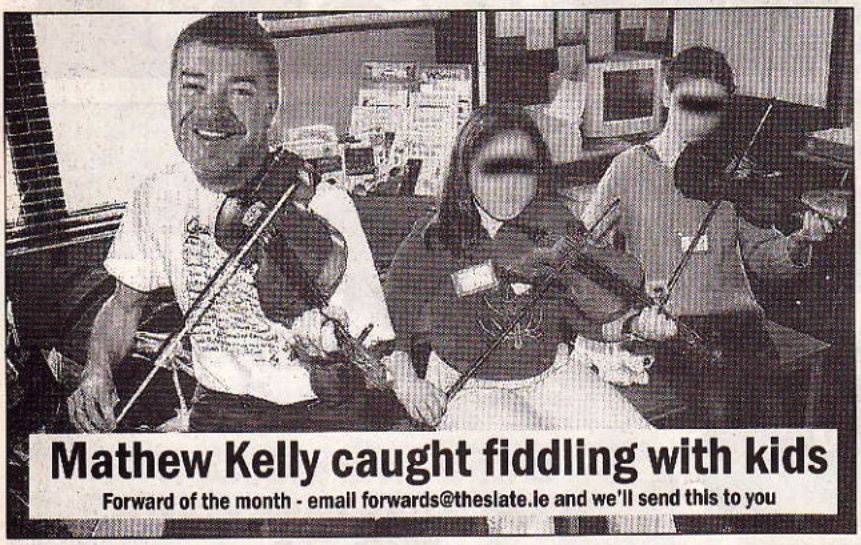
Caoimhin Myers

"One of the conditions of membership is that it is not discussed, not discussed at all," says Irish Times columnist Kevin Myers, whose involvement should give some idea of the level of asshole taking part. Other members include rock and roll aristocrat Lord Henry Mountcharles of Slane, and actor Alan Stanford, who used to play proddy George in Glenroe. "It's just a group of likeminded gentlemen getting together to look back over the business year and enjoy a few glasses of wine," says Stanford

But allegations of sexual assault and generally obnoxious behaviour at their last Christmas lunch suggest that this gathering of Ireland's top prods is nothing more than an expensive boys' club where everyone gets over-excited by the dirty jokes and the lapdancers.

Functions are given a homoerotic fetish feel by the presence of a 'convener' (currently some businessman called Nick Kourmanious) who turns up in ecclesiastic robes to press play on the porn videos.

Then there's the fraternity's much vaunted charitable side. They have financed, since birth, the education of an Indian orphan whose entire life seems to have been turned into a joke for the benefit of these overprivileged goons. This poor fucker has actually been named Myles O'Toole, even though he lives in India, and each year a 'humorous' account of his development is prepared for the entertainment of the inebriated members at the Christmas lunch. It's good to see that the condescending spirit of Empire lives on in our Emerald Isle.



Mathew Kelly caught fiddling with kids

Forward of the month - email forwards@theslate.ie and we'll send this to you

Tabloid Watch

The Sunday World - where would Ireland be without this magnificent newspaper? Week after week they go the extra mile to bring readers the full story.

Take the recent case of Julie McGinley, a mixed up woman who got fifteen years for killing her convicted rapist husband. There were plenty of details in this story for the voyeuristic press to get stuck into. McGinley and her husband used to run a blackmail scam which involved her having sex with married men while the husband secretly filmed the illicit romp. Then McGinley got herself a lover, and the pair of them battered the unfortunate husband to death with a blunt object. The killing wasn't discovered until a family had their picnic brought to an abrupt end when one of the children discovered a skull under a tree.

Lots of material there for a big tabloid splurge, but the SW knew that their readers wanted even more.

"Sex starved killer wants to smuggle a vibrator into jail," they revealed in the most important scoop of the last ten years. "She has been telling other inmates that she can't survive without sex," their source at the far side of the office told them. "She has been offering herself on a plate to the warders," the sub-editor went on to reveal. "But none of the screws would touch her with a barge pole. And if she can't get her hands on a vibrator she may have to look for the love of a good woman."

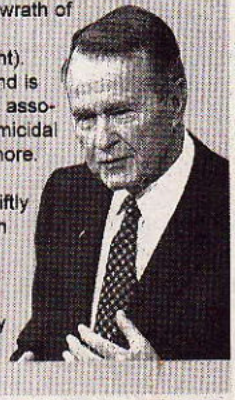
A Nobel Prize will surely follow for this masterpiece of investigative journalism, or at least something in the forthcoming Meteor Awards.

1987/88 **-** With the US making supportive noises about Iraq, Larry Goodman ships out thousands of tons of beef to feed Saddam's hardcore Republican Guard. The Iraqis refuse to pay, because they want to spend the money on more chemical weapons instead. Thankfully, the crafty Irish more or less knew that this was going to happen and Goodman is saved by his friend Albert Reynolds, who has arranged for the Irish taxpayer to foot the bill via a ridiculous export insurance scheme.

1987 **-** Some Kurds start getting uppity, so Saddam kills a hundred thousand of them, famously dissolving 4,000 in nerve gas during one day at Halabja.

September 1989 **-** Not a bother though, as our great leader Charlie Haughey pens a letter to Saddam celebrating "the friendly and sympathetic relations between our two countries." Haughey also praises Saddam for "what Iraq has achieved in the economic and social fields under your leadership and guidance" and later says that his main "concern was to be as helpful as possible to Iraq".

1991 **-** Saddam invades Kuwait and incurs the wrath of our friends the Americans (right). Suddenly Ireland is not so keen on associating with homicidal dictators any more. The Baghdad embassy is swiftly evacuated, with staff shredding and burning all the official records as they flee back to Ireland.



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Live Music

JAMES YORKSTON & THE ATHLETES
SUN 02 MARCH
TBMC **€17.50**

James Yorkston's almost ambient take on folk music may not have made much of an impression on the shedload of David Gray fans he played for in the Point last year. But he has fared better at various gigs since then (including one shared bill with Josh Ritter) and now looks like becoming a regular visitor here. Although Yorkston emerged from an active indie scene based around Fence Records in Scotland, he is very much a bone fide folk singer. He got his first break supporting Bert Jansch and credits a pantheon of musical influences most normal people have never heard of. Last year's Moving Up Country was an impressive debut (despite omitting excellent preceding single The Lang Town) and The Athletes mellow, droning cluster chords recall the best of Nick Drake without ever going too far down that path. Recommended.

ANTHRAX
WED 05 MARCH
AMBASSADOR **€25.50/27.50**

Of all the original do-they-make-records-or-just-sell-t-shirts thrash metallers, Anthrax weren't the worst. They didn't sell out for big bucks (Metallica, Megadeth) or try to corner the devil-worshipping market (Slayer.) And they even did a crossover version of Bring The Noize with Public Enemy that was a hit in 1991. The rest of the 90s weren't so successful though, as album sales plummeted and they endured a bewildering series of line-up changes. The current team have enjoyed a modest revival lately; partly because of old metal's gentrification-by-proxy since the Osbournes, and partly because when some maniac started sending infectious bacterial diseases by post in the States a while back everyone suddenly remembered that there used to be a band called Anthrax. None of this makes them any easier to listen to though.

BRIAN KENNEDY
FRI 07 & SAT 08 MARCH
OLYMPIA **€26.20/ 27.30/ 28.20**

The pretty boy is back in Dublin again, to the delight of randy housewives everywhere. His substantial success is much due to the popularity of his live performances, which are generally overrun by menopausal ladies desperate to stroke his hair and pull his mickey. But Brian doesn't allow the lack of a credible audience to deter him from what he does best - writing appalling songs. His latest album, Get On With Your Short Life, is teeming with dull numbers that catapult him into the same league as Enya and Celine Dion.

JOE PERNICE & PETER BRUNTNELL
SUPP: JOHN CUNNINGHAM
SAT 08 MARCH
WHELANS **€15/16**

Boston-born Joe Pernice has recorded albums under a bewildering assortment of aliases (the Scud Mountain Boys, the Pernice Brothers and Chappaquiddick Skyline) in styles ranging from country to orchestral pop. Since splitting from the Sub Pop label a couple of years ago, the highly-rated singer-songwriter has worked out deals with a network of small labels around Europe (he's on Independent Records in Ireland) that seem to allow him tour this country at least twice a year. Be warned though - he's a gloomy, depressing bastard. (Chappaquiddick Skyline opens "I hate my life..." and goes downhill all the way from there.) As before when Pernice played here, support is from English alt.country man Peter Bruntell.

ART GARFUNKEL
SUN 09 MARCH
OLYMPIA **€40-45**

Yes - the lanky lad with the massive orange afro who made a name for himself off the back of his talented but crazy mate Paul Simon. Although Garfunkel didn't write any of their big hits, his unmistakeable voice was a critical part of the package. After they split in 1970, Art pursued an extremely mediocre soft-rock career, and did quite a lot of acting as well. If you're an old fogey and want to see him roll out 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters' or 'The Boxer' before you die, go ahead.

RICHARD HAWLEY
TUES 11 MARCH
WHELANS **€TBC**

When veteran indie guitarist Richard Hawley released his first solo album Late Night Final in 2001 his prospects were hampered not just by his own obscurity but by the fact that neither of his former bands - Treebound Story or Longpigs - made more than a ripple in the public consciousness. Session work with the likes of All Saints, Finlay Quaye and Nellee Hooper has more recently been the staple of his career, which makes the impressive quality of his new album Lowedges slightly surprising (in terms of songwriting and performance it pisses all over recent efforts by supposed legends like Johnny Marr and John Squire). Hawley's assured vocals have even been compared to the likes of Frank Sinatra, though a more accurate comparison would be with his friend Jarvis Cocker (Hawley worked until recently as Pulp's touring guitarist) or to the Divine Comedy, circa Liberation. Not earth-shattering then but recommended nonetheless.

OASIS
WED 05 & THURS 06 MARCH
POINT €49.50/51.50

IT'S NOW nearly nine years since Definitely Maybe - Oasis's only decent album. But that doesn't really matter, seeing as even their biggest fans would concede that the Gallagher brothers' talent for bragging, brawling and posturing easily outstrips their merit as recording artists. As the senior member of this double act, Noel's wit and near normality serve as a foil to Liam, who possesses the keys to the world's largest reservoir of belligerence, arrogance and stupidity. Noel was once wrongly credited with Beatles-esque songwriting ability, but in fact it is Liam's yobbish charisma that makes the Oasis brand too lucrative for them to ever consider splitting up. In other words, we can probably expect endless Rolling Stones-type anniversary tours from these nobs for the next thirty years. For believers in the Oasis myth, Liam's highly publicised encounter with some Italian Mafiosi last year was not a well-deserved comeuppance but rather further proof of how 'mad for it' he really is. And there are still enough of these idiots around to have given the band four UK top two singles (The Hindu Times, Stop Crying Your Heart Out, Little By Little and Songbird) in the last year.

Back on planet earth though, the Heathen Chemistry album really only made the slightest improvement on the shite we came to expect from the band during Noel's cokehead phase. And the long-standing acrimony between the two brothers makes them an erratic live prospect - as was proved by a performance of comic-book shitness at last year's Witnness festival.

The bollock brothers

JACKSON BROWNE

TUES 11 MARCH
OLYMPIA €52/57

Most of the bohemians of the 1960s grew up eventually and got jobs cutting down rainforests and so on. But there were a significant minority who were into more than just unsustainable drug abuse and believed that flower power could be kept alive through lily-livered liberal protest songs, amongst other things. If it can be said that every generation spawns a second rate Bob Dylan-type figure, then Jackson Browne belongs in this pantheon, with his songs about the homeless, the abandoned and other unpleasant types. Along with Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty and Bonnie Raitt, Browne practically invented adult-oriented rock music, and Christy Moore even used to play a few covers of his auld songs. Recommended only for the middle aged and mild mannered.

SHANE MACGOWAN AND THE POPES

FRI 14 & SAT 15 MARCH
OLYMPIA €27.50

There are few more regular visitors to the Olympia than Shane MacGowan. His fans know what to expect from their hero (the old favourites) and what not to expect (sobriety, punctuality, impassioned pleas for world peace.) For the uninitiated the best reason to go along tonight is, as always, that it may be the last chance you get to see one of the greatest songwriters that has ever had anything to do with Irish music. To see MacGowan now in the flesh, mumbling incoherently to well-wishers as he staggers up Dame Street, is to see a man with one foot in the grave. The goodwill that allows him to continue touring with the Popes was seriously tested last time he played here when he vomited all over a section of his audience. But then - even though some dickhead rang Joe Duffy the next day to complain - you would presume most of them knew they weren't there to see Ronan Keating.

RICHARD THOMPSON

FRI 14 MARCH
VICAR STREET €35

Since quitting English folk-rockers Fairport Convention in the early 70s, Richard Thompson has ignored poor record sales and busied himself making thirty years worth of 'critically-acclaimed' records. In most cases this has tended to mean dull, worthy, introspective singer-songwriting of the Mark Eitzel/Ron Sexsmith variety that the public would rather piss on than part with their hard-earned cash for. Thompson's finest work came with wife Linda in the mid-70s, but the rot set in with a series of poorly-produced albums in the 80s. That most depressing of decades for so many musicians sadly obscured one of the finest songwriting talents Britain has ever produced. Recent albums have witnessed a return to form, although his latest, The Old Kit Bag, is a little disappointing after 1999's excellent Mock Tudor. While Thompson's booming baritone isn't to everyone's taste, his stunning guitar playing has influenced pickers as diverse as John Martyn, Johnny Marr, J. Mascis and Tom Verlaine.

The Large Mound Hounds

LARGE MOUND

SUPP: PLAYGROUND PSYCOTIC
SAT 15 MARCH
THE MUSIC ROOM €5

This is a great opportunity to see one of Dublin's most interesting and inventive underground acts live. Based around the songwriting of Anthony Mackey, they have successfully avoided any kind of serious media coverage by playing infrequently in toilet-style venues around the city and banging out extremely independent, but absolutely top class releases. Using the traditional guitar/bass/drums setup, their low-fi, sometimes whimsical approach balances unashamed rock influences with idiosyncratic inventiveness, bringing to mind the likes of Dinosaur Jr at their early 90s best. Perhaps the band's strongest feature is Mackey's curious, muffled vocals and his humorous, slightly eccentric lyrics. This, alongside the fact that most of their numbers clock in at two minutes in length, ensures that Large Mound steer clear of the posturing that other alternative Irish acts such as the Jimmy Cake are sometimes guilty of. Playing in a small pub like this should suit them very well, and seeing as the door tax is only the price of a pint, it should be a great value gig. Check out www.largemound.net for free mp3s and more info.

LEE SCRATCH PERRY & BAND

+ THE MAD PROFESSOR
MONDAY 17 MARCH 7.30PM
RED BOX €24.50

Gee Snatch Perry

Of all the pretenders who claim to have 'invented reggae', Lee Perry stands head and shoulders above his imitators and disciples. His work with the little known vocal group The Wailers in the early 60s produced some of the genre's most sublime records, best heard on early versions of tracks like Kaya and Concrete Jungle. Perry has always said that Marley would never have died if he'd stuck with Scratch, and while this might be wishful thinking, it's certainly true that Marley's best work was behind him after they parted ways.

Perry then set up the legendary Black Ark studios where most of the best Caribbean music of the 60s and early 70s was made: his house band The Upsetters' Return of Django; Junior Marvin's Police and Thieves; The Congoes Heart of the Congoes; and Jah Lion's Columbia Collie, as well as records by Max Romeo, Dr. Alimantado, etc.

The man's own records are often something of a disappointment by comparison, although anyone who has ever heard the earth-shuddering Black Board Jungle Dub album, or singles like I am a Madman might disagree. An unpredictable temper and excessive ganja use brought about Perry's decline in the 70s, and since he burnt Black Ark down in a stoned frenzy, his talent has been largely wasted. He now lives in Sweden (where he has married a vampire) releasing average albums and occasionally cropping up on the likes of The Beastie Boys Hello Nastie and Dub Syndicate's What's Up?

A brief foray into drum n bass failed to get him back on track, and his live shows are hit and miss. Perry is fundamentally a producer and engineer who created a distinct sound in the 70s, so the merits of forking out to go and see him nowadays are dubious. Although he's playing with a five-piece band, you're probably better off getting the compilation Arkology, which contains most of his best stuff. Still, he's one of the greatest studio innovators around and as such, deserves respect. Without him, reggae may never have developed from the dancehall and rocksteady of the early 60s. Just think how plodding and one-dimensional it has become since his decline.

The Mad Professor, aka Neil Fraser of Thornton Heath is a good deal less mad than his more illustrious co-headliner tonight, but he has established himself as one of the top producers of bass-heavy modern dub. The Dub Me Crazy series in the late 80s spawned some classic hits and led to collaborations with U Roy and Macka B and Kofi. In recent years he's settled into the lazy role of celeb-remixer.

Feeding time at the Kitt zoo

DAVID KITT
MON 17 MARCH
VICAR STREET €22

No surprise that Vicar St. have summoned Kitt back to perform again so soon after his electric pre-Christmas show here. Possibly more than any other Dublin location, this place suits the singer's transformation of his subtle album sound into a more energised live set. This effect is achieved by a notable increase in the tempo of the music, a large ensemble of walk-on musicians (and a clown), and a raft of unreleased music which seems to operate on quite a different plane to what you'll find on Small Moments or The Big Romance - Kitt's first two albums. Anyone who was at the last gig will almost certainly be back for more, so you would be well advised to get tickets for this a.s.a.p.

TENACIOUS D
TUES 18 MARCH
OLYMPIA €33.50

Despite taking the step-up to a leading role in Shallow Hal last year, actor Jack Black obviously still believes "the greatest band in the world" is the best vehicle for his talents. But then Tenacious D's eight-year lifespan amounts to much more than just a few Dennis Leary comedy songs strung together. The bland consensus that Black and Kyle Class are "hilarious but they can still rock with the best of them" does not mean that they have hit upon a perfect fusion of the two performance genres. But it does hint at what a careful balance their acoustic metal strikes between homage and satire. After all, the album and tours are, in a way, just an extended pitch for Tenacious D - The Movie, which they've been pursuing for some time. This is their second Ambassador appearance in eight months and set highlights should include Tribute (To The Greatest Song Ever Written) and Fuck Her Gently.

DANIEL BEDINGFIELD
TUES 18 MARCH
VICAR STREET €22.50

Like Mike Skinner, Daniel Bedingfield is a boffin who wrote and recorded much of his debut album in his bedroom. Unlike the man behind The Streets, though, Bedingfield is a smooth-talking chart monkey who has far more in common with Westlife than any underground UK music scene. The Londoner has been making waves on both sides of the Atlantic off the back of his number one debut single Gotta Get Thru This. Bedingfield wrote the song when he was sixteen and became the focus of a major bidding war after it was a huge club hit. After rejecting an offer from Maverick that included a duet with Madonna, he signed for rival label Relentless in what was apparently the most expensive singles deal in music history. A tacky and cheesy piece of chart fluff, it was (appropriately enough) Victoria Beckham's favourite single of 2002.

JIMMY CLIFF
WED 19 MARCH
OLYMPIA €29.50/30.50

Although Alton Ellis or Lee Perry might dispute his billing as the "last surviving icon of reggae" there is no doubting Jimmy Cliff's pedigree. Recording his first single Hurricane Hattie at 14 with legendary Kingston producer Leslie Kong, Cliff also assisted Bob Marley on his first studio recordings. He moved to Island records in the late 60s, earning international acclaim not just for his own recordings but also as a producer on hits such as Desmond Dekker's classic cover of Cliff's own You Can Get It If You Really Want. Then, in 1973, he starred in the seminal rude boy flick The Harder They Come - which arguably did more than anything other than Marley to bring reggae to American attention. From the 80s onwards, Cliff went shit and moved into the mainstream, enjoying fame in 1993 with a version of I Can See Clearly Now (from the abominable film Cool Runnings) and contributing to the Lion King soundtrack. He has been a regular visitor to Dublin over the last decade and, when he avoids the cheese, puts on a good spirited show.

TRACY CHAPMAN
THURS 20 & FRI 21 MARCH
OLYMPIA €35.80/ 38.80

Chapman was removed from obscurity in 1988 when she played at Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday concert in Wembley. She enjoyed a brief stint in the limelight with the success of her eponymous debut album, but has since failed to recapture the interest of anybody apart from a few whiney dykes. Hardly surprising when you consider that her quickly tiresome style of music doesn't seem to have even remotely changed or evolved over the last 15 years. Chapman's new album, Let It Rain is full of the same bland, mediocre shit that was on her last four releases. Her unimaginative but dedicated fans will probably find something in the predictable drone of her lyrics to get all hot and bothered about, but the rest of us are bound to find her static, clichéd songs about as appealing as a dose of anal warts.

JAMES TAYLOR
SAT 22 MARCH
POINT THEATRE €49

A number of lads in the 70s got charged with the job of being The Authentic Voice Of America. There was Springsteen and Billy Joel's tough urban wisdom and Paul Simon's neurotic New York universe. Before you knew it, they were all making music which should have had them thrown in prison. James Taylor was another of these but in his own quiet way he continued to be good and his disarmingly simple vignettes on love and life get better as he grows older. Last year's October Road album was definitely a record to nick off your Dad and, amazingly, he doesn't get ratty when he's expected to sing You've Got A Friend for the capacity audience of nurses and civil servants who are still living in the 70s.

70s superhero James Taylor

CATHAL COUGHLAN
SATURDAY 22 MARCH
WHELANS €20

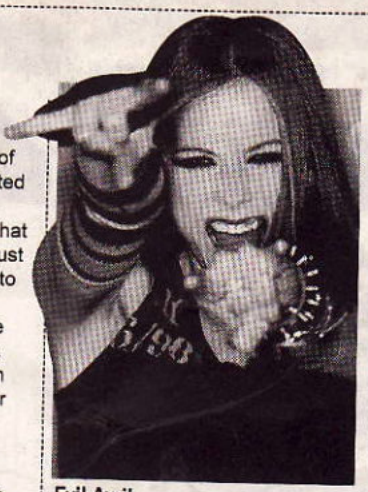
In an alternative history of Irish rock, Cathal Coughlan would sit roughly where Bono is positioned in the conventional one. Cork-born, though long London-based, he pursued his brand of bolshie, uncommercial pop throughout the 80s (with Sean O'Hagan in Microdisney) and the 90s (with Fatima Mansions - motto: Keep Music Evil.) A support slot in Rome on U2's Zooropa tour ended with him being bottled off by the locals for simulating fellatio with a statue of the Virgin Mary. So, even if his records weren't always as fantastic as the critics usually said they were, he still had to be admired, like Postman Pat, for sticking to the fucking plan. Coughlan dropped off the radar for a while there, doing film soundtracks (fair enough) and "taking a speaking role in Francois Ribac's contemporary opera Qui Est Fou?" (!!!) before returning with The Sky's Awful Blue last year. One for the old cunts this one.

THROWING MUSES
SATURDAY 22 MARCH
AMBASSADOR €22.70

Back in the late 80s and early 90s, Throwing Muses were one of the biggest names in alternative American rock. The band was marked out from its competition by lead singer Kristin Hersh's off-the-wall lyrics and erratic instrumentation - both of which can probably be attributed to the fact that she either suffered from a bipolar disorder that made her hallucinate or was just plain mad. The Muses began to split up in 1992, when Tanya Donelly quit to do a stint in the Breeders before forming Belly. Hersh, her half-sister, did even better when the success of her debut solo album Hips And Makers (1994) far outstripped even that of Throwing Muses classics like The Real Ramona. The band was formally dissolved by Hersh in 1997 but they regrouped recently and have started recording again. Although Donelly does appear on the forthcoming album she is not expected to join Hersh, drummer David Narcizo and bassist Bernard Georges on this tour.

AVRIL LAVIGNE
SUNDAY 23 MARCH
OLYMPIA SOLD OUT

"Just mix in a bit of Kurt Cobain, a dash of Alanis Morissette, and a nice pair of those ¾ length jeans that all the skater kids are wearing", must have been the marketing men's recipe as they did their branding work on this slightly good-looking, not very talented, utterly boring little cow. The result was the awful Skater Boi (and fuck knows what else) - a moronic song about some alienated yankee teenager who



Evil Avril

is cruelly snubbed by the posh ballet dancer he fancies. Skater Boi (he eventually has the good fortune to become Avril's boyfriend) only fulfills himself when he is discovered by MTV and turned into another one of their little market-conquering lackeys. The video is even better. In it, a nicely airbrushed Avril stomps all over someone's car as a legion of her carefully-coiffed fans 'riot' on the streets of New York. Bring ricin.

JURASSIC 5
WEDNESDAY 26 MARCH 7.30 PM
THE MUSIC ROOM €5

When this West Coast US outfit burst onto the scene from the underground in the late 90s, the music press in England got very excited about them and their hit Concrete Schoolyard. Who were these nice black men who didn't go around shooting each other or calling women bitches? And isn't that guy at the back playing the records white? Thank God - rappers who aren't too vulgar and have some manners; we haven't seen that kind of thing since the Native Tongue days. The J5 are indeed a throwback to the days of jazz and funk-based samples and unthreatening rapping, and are all the more boring for it. Live, you can expect an energetic but slightly hackneyed show. If you haven't seen live hip hop, head along, and they've got a great DJ in Cut Chemist to boot, but there's better stuff out there.

VAN MORRISON
FRIDAY 28 MARCH
THE HELIX €40

Van Morrison was once as renowned for his live performances as he now is for being a crabby, litigious old bastard. But Van The Man, as he is known to people with learning difficulties, has not been on speaking terms with his audience for some years now. So why does he continue touring when he doesn't need the money and obviously detests it? A deeply spiritual man, it may be as preparation for some meditation on purgatory he is composing. Or perhaps it's just penance for that duet he did with Cliff Richard back in the 80s. If you do go along remember these two things: Van Morrison hates you. And he doesn't do requests.

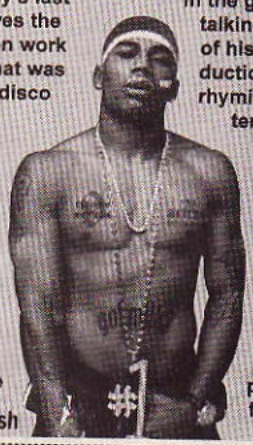
SLY & ROBBIE
FRIDAY 28 MARCH 7.30 PM
AMBASSADOR €28.50 - 30.50

Through sheer stinginess, dub reggae was born. 60s producers like Lee Perry and King Tubby realised they could make two tracks out of one song, simply by wiping the vocal from one and replacing it with sound effects or a solo. But drummer Sly Dunbar and bassist Robbie Shakespeare were the first lads to make dub a real artform, rather than an economical means to an end. Their early 80s albums - as themselves and with Black Uhuru - are among the finest reggae has to offer. An added bonus tonight is the presence of Uhuru vocalist Michael Rose who should give a bit of humanity to their ghost-scapes. Live, the duo's excursions into dub are generally reckoned to be even more melon-twisting than the records so don't miss.

NELLY
SUNDAY 23 MARCH
POINT €44.50

HE'S CERTAINLY not in the Justin Timberlake league of 'Call the Producers - This Man has No Talent', but have a listen to Nelly's last album and you'll realise that he owes the Neptunes big time. Their production work on Hot in Herre gave him a track that was probably more guaranteed to fill a disco dancefloor than anything else that came out in 2002. This meant that - after the success of his first album, Country Grammar - Nelly was suddenly being feted as bona fide rnb royalty (at one stage, he simultaneously held the No.1 and No.2 positions in the US singles charts). This status meant that Dilemma, his sickly sweet duet with Kelly Rowland from Destiny's Child, came out in a blaze of ridiculous hype about the Prince and Princess of Black America teaming up to make sweet music. It duly spent an insane amount of time at the top of the charts.

But anyone who bought Nellyville looking for more of the unstoppable dance hooks that set Hot in Herre apart would have been disappointed. For the most part it's a run-of-the-mill hip hop album, with a token nod to how hard it is in the ghetto, etc. before Nelly gets back to talking about all the Jacuzzis in the back of his limousine. The slightly metallic production and unfamiliar St. Louis-style rhyming makes for some interesting listening, but before long it descends into a mish-mash of non-descript funk samples and typically indulgent hip hop nonsense. And after a while, Nelly's sing-song rapping style begins to sound quite samey and weak. However, nobody is going to this gig for a lesson in Grade A hip hop, and it would be fairly surprising if Nelly and his crew don't know how to generate a pretty big party atmosphere. Support from Eve



Nelly shows off his post-blowjob tash

Once Off Clubbing

PREVIEWED LAST MONTH:

GRAEME PARK
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
RED BOX €20

EDDIE TEMPLE-MORRIS
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
SWITCH €14

FELIX DA HOUSECAT
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
TIVOLI €16.90

ANDY SMITH
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
RI RA €10

Ri Ra never bother their hole with international guests from one end of the year to the other, then every once in a while - when nobody's looking - they throw Andy Smith at us. Strange. Anyway, the ex-Portishead DJ always delivers a sort of Ri Ra deluxe set - same funk, jazz, soul, hip-hop theory, just done with a bit more style and confidence than usual. Look no further than his Document mix CD for an example. He's playing tonight with Dynamo Productions labelmate Scott Hendy. Support TBC.

MARCO V
SATURDAY 01 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

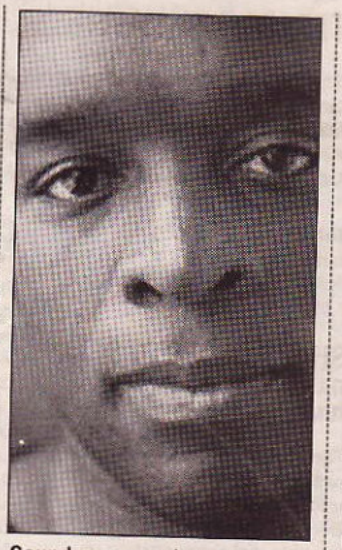
Marco V's hard trance sounds like the music Chris Liberator would have made if he was from Dolphin's Barn. Whether you think this is a good or bad thing will probably decide whether you go to this gig or not. However, interpretation aside, Marco's latest single exposes the Dutchman as a cunt. It's called C:\ del *.mp3 which, for non-computer nerds, means delete all your mp3 files and keep your paws off free shit on the web. Fuck you, Mr. Rich Superstar DJ/Producer, just because you have money to burn doesn't mean we do. Wanker. Support from Ken Tobin.

YOUSEF
FRIDAY 07 MARCH
SPIRIT €15

There's no doubt that Yousef is a supremely talented DJ. The Cream resident's brand of tough US House cut up in a style more reminiscent of a techno DJ is the antithesis of the piss-poor Trance played at the Liverpool kip. Unfortunately, he's yet to play a decent gig over here. Worse still, he's playing in Spirit. Support from Spirit Residents.

KEVIN SAUNDERSON
FRIDAY 07 MARCH
TBMC €15

Kevin Saunderson is that rarity coming out of Detroit - a techno DJ who aims to make you dance as opposed to lecturing you or trying to make you join a guerrilla army. He is - along with Juan Atkins and Derrick May - one of the three people widely credited with having invented techno out of an unlikely concoction of Funkadelic and Depeche Mode. But unlike those pair of miserable sods, the dancefloor is



Saunderson - no lectures

Saunderson's power zone and his alleged appetite for tequila shots behind the decks should see him keep up with the hedonistic crowd that's expected tonight. He's made stacks of records (including plenty of blatant shit) under too many names to mention but perhaps his greatest legacy to dance music is Good Life, as Inner City - the only techno tune to come out of Detroit that still gets hairdressers and forklift operators out on the dancefloor. Support from Fahrenheit 451 residents.

SOSUMU YOKOTA
FRIDAY 07 MARCH
THE MORRISON €13

Last seen in Dublin about a year ago playing live in Vicar St, this unassuming Jap and his flaky, cute disco-house is back to vaguely distract the morons who inhabit The Morrison on a Friday. This time he's playing a DJ set which should perk this poxy joint up no end. Although he's often pushed under the ambient/electronica banner, Yokota actually started out making proper trance in the early 90s on Sven Vath's Eye Q label and over the last few years has knocked out a fair bit of good funky house, such as on his 1999 album. If he sticks to these lines and lays off the ambience, it should be safe enough for booty-shaking tonight. Support from Ultra Lounge residents.

AUDIO BULLYS
SATURDAY 08 MARCH
RED BOX €20/15

There's hype in the air and tonight at the Red Box, Dublin will get its first opportunity to see if all that's been said about this West London duo is guff or not. Audio Bullys are the latest mini-phenomenon to fill increasingly desperate page space in the UK dance rags. The official deal is, Simon Franks and Tom Dinsdale are two disaffected urban youths throwing together rowdy DIY laptop house laced with the social commentary of classic ska and the bug eyed ampheto-attitude of early mod.

Nice story, but not the truth. For a start, they're nice middle class boys from the leafy suburbs of Croydon. Simon's musician father made sure he was proficient on the piano, guitar and drums from an early age. And they haven't come out of nowhere - they've been knocking out tunes together and separately for a few years - and are both studio prodigies.

Certainly, there's nothing underground about them. They're signed to Virgin Records and the massive Primary Talent agency which handles, among many, Basement Jaxx, Daft Punk and The Streets. But are they any good? The short answer is yes. Their shouty chrome-plated house is exhilarating and buzzy. The tag team of Tom DJing and Simon MCing merges the interactive energy of a garage rave with the insistent throb of funky house. Their single, We Don't Care is the sound of The Specials cryogenically frozen from their peak and defrosted in 2003. It's worth suspending your cynicism and giving them a shot. Support from Robbie Butler.

Big Audio Dynamite?

Too much too Young

CLAUDE YOUNG
SATURDAY 08 MARCH
TBMC €20

The recently engaged Claude Young shoots back to one of his bread and butter gigs in Dublin after consummating his first Japanese residency last month. Expect him to knock your block off with his punchy rhythm-heavy techno, novelty scratch tricks and usual entourage of extra decks, outboard units and ancient drum machines. Of perhaps more interest to the purists is the late addition to the bill of a life set from Canadian Brian Zentz. His D:Clash is shaping up to be one of the tech-house anthems of the year and all reports of his live act have been fairly slavering. Support from Brian Zentz, Loki, Jeff Walters, Pete Loop.

SUPERCOLLIDER (LIVE)
SATURDAY 08 MARCH
TBMC €13

When techno chap Cristian Vogel hooked up with beardcore boffin Jamie Lidell to form SuperCollider in 1999, the result was an oddball house single called Darn (Cold Way o' Lovin'). They switched to devolved soul and funk for 2002's Raw Digits, on which Lidell made every attempt to be Prince short of moving to Minneapolis and boning anything in sight. Live, SuperCollider are a full band, with Lidell's berserk antics (like dumping buckets of paint over himself) showing he's obviously inherited some of Prince's weirdness as well. Support comes from Ambulance, who, after years of being as interesting as dishwater, have recently shown that maybe they're not quite yet dead on arrival. Early show: 7.30pm - 11.30pm.

BBM DANCE AWARDS
SATURDAY 08 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

The initial muttering around town was that this lame awards ceremony held by nordy gurn-rag BBM was to feature man of the moment Erol Alkan headlining the post-awards shindig. Unfortunately the dirty bastards have kidnapped him for their own awards party in Lush, Portrush the night before. Leaving us with a line up that's pretty underwhelming. Belgian bollock-cruncher CJ Bolland is the biggest name on offer and he'll be finishing off the night and your hearing with some fairly marauding hard techno.

Tom Stephan aka Superchumbo and his filthy dirty tribal is all very well but he was only in Spirit a couple of weeks ago, and he's not doing anything spectacular enough for us to want to see him back so soon. Not only is it recommended that you avoid Paul 'Yomanda' Masterson's set at all costs, if you find yourself alone in the jacks with him, give him a dig in the head and run off.

SHAUN RYDER DJ SET
THURSDAY 13 MARCH
TBMC €10

The Music Centre's weekly concession to old fogeys who don't understand dance music - Screamadelica - has a new monthly residency starting up which will be hosted by their London equivalent, Groove Harder. The idea is a live band followed by a DJ set from a special guest, in this case Shaun Ryder. Naturally you won't want to develop premature tinnitus from sitting through the unpleasant din of a bunch of no-hope motherfuckers at the start of the evening. So arrive late for ex-Happy Monday and Black Grape Ryder's DJ set. Strictly for the craic, mind. Because this indie-has-been-plays-a-few-records carry on is to be taken with a pinch of salt. Jarvis Cocker and Tim Burgess do it well, but anyone who witnessed Shane McGowan slowly decomposing in a wheelchair in front of a pair of CD players last year in Doran's knows the risks.

X-PRESS 2
FRIDAY 14 MARCH
SPIRIT €15

It isn't clear whether it's Rocky, Diesel or Ashley Beedle or all of them playing tonight but whatever the combination, you're in for a fairly good night of house. As a group they've been responsible for injecting a bit of English attitude into US house so expect the same balance of sensibilities tonight. Go and shout loudly for Lazy until one of them gives you a thick ear. Support from Spirit residents.

CUTMASTER SWIFT (THE ENFORCERS)
FRIDAY 14 MARCH
TBMC TBC

With turntablism, as with most competitive male sports, you're only as hot as your last title. Sadly, the last title the UK's Cutmaster Swift won was in 1989 and his skills belong to that jumper-over-hoody, high-top era. So those expecting a futureshock on the lines of DJ Craze in action can forget it. What he does have, though, is an old pro's grasp of the basics and, more crucially, an unbeatable collection of classic breaks and hip-hop. So much so that - along with fellow Enforcer DJ Pogo - he was asked to share some of these gems on The Breaks - an album series of hip-hop trainspotter tunes. Expect a night of giving it up and turning it loose with some old-skool scratching on top. Support from Fahrenheit 451 residents.

STRETCH TAYLOR
FRIDAY 14 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

This English rnb DJ probably earned his nickname from the length his arms must be from

Old Man Hype

carrying around his CV. An interminable list of residencies, radio shows and accolades back home ensure that, if you go to the Temple tonight, you needn't worry that he's some sort of Poxy McFluke DJ throwing on top ten rnb hits while running up a massive champagne bill. As with most of their UK guests, he sounds like a quality deal. Support from Frank Jez

TOM MIDDLETON
SATURDAY 15 MARCH
SPIRIT €20

He always seems to be over here so it's a good job this beardy bollox is a top DJ who can turn his hand to any style with a flourish. No matter that he'll probably just bash out the sunny good time house along the lines of his Cosmos project. Only the terminally picky would find much to complain about. Support from Spirit residents.

DJ HYPE
SATURDAY 15 MARCH
TIVOLI €16.90

The ultimate drum n bass party DJ rolls back into town. It's actually incredible that he can still roll at all, considering he's been DJing longer than Larry Gogan and must be about 106 by now. With a successful record label (True Playaz), a million mix CDs, a series of high profile residencies and a globetrotting international diary, you'd wonder why Hype hasn't gotten bored or sold out yet. For whatever reason, he remains consistently entertaining, avoiding the dour excesses of the harder end of drum n bass as adroitly as the jazz-lite chin-stroking at the other end. Support from the Influx residents, although how any of them are expected to keep up with Hype is beyond comprehension.

DJ BONE
SATURDAY 15 MARCH
TBMC €15

Or DJ Boner, taking into account the number of instant stiffies that will be sprung by Dublin's socially maladjusted techno community on the news of this gig. The rest of us might stifle a collective yawn at the prospect of yet more bad-tempered army techno at the Music Centre. Fear not, because although DJ Bone is from Detroit, he's not one of the Underground Resistance boot-camp boys, and hopefully the cunt will turn up - unlike Suburban Knight the last two months. Bone played a fiery, funky set with lots of cutting and fiddling in the Temple Theatre last year, and you can expect more of the same this time round. Support from D1 residents.

DARREN EMERSON & TIM DELUXE
SUNDAY 16 MARCH
RED BOX €25

We hear an awful lot about the Darren Emerson of old. Back when he used to 'push new boundaries' or whatever crap it is the apologists think up. But if you're trying to decide whether or not to spend €20 on him, his past means fuck all. What you need to know is, these days he's more interested in getting pissed (especially when in Ireland) than 'pushing new boundaries'. Expect a muddled concoction of techno and house. His mate Tim Dulux (so named because he's about as entertaining as watching paint dry) is getting his hole licked by press, promoters and TV advertisers alike. But remember it takes a sadistic mind to make Layo and Bushwacka's poxy Love Story even worse by vomiting the unsavoury contents of Kings Of Tomorrow's Finally all over it. Support from Robbie Butler.

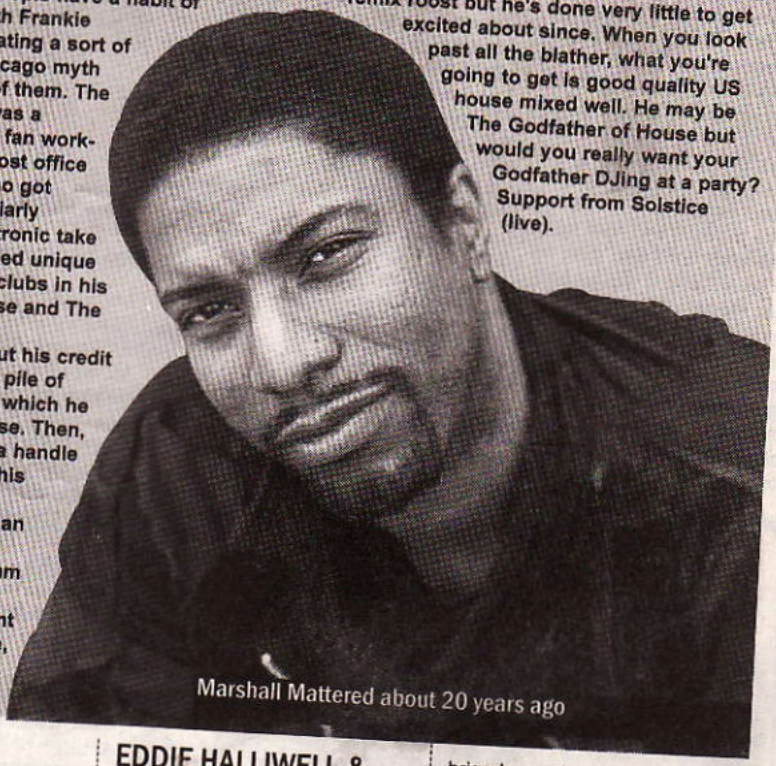
Emerson on the piss

MARSHALL JEFFERSON
FRIDAY 21 MARCH
TBMC €15

The Godfather of house...House's greatest DJ. There's a fair amount of shit usually talked about Chicago house bod Marshall Jefferson. Mainly because people have a habit of mixing him up with Frankie Knuckles and creating a sort of multi-purpose Chicago myth between the two of them. The facts are that he was a young, nerdy rock fan working in a Chicago post office in the early 80s who got drawn to the peculiarly repetitive and electronic take on disco that seemed unique to two of the main clubs in his city - The Warehouse and The Music Box.

Marshall maxed out his credit cards and bought a pile of equipment, none of which he had a clue how to use. Then, when he finally got a handle on one piece of kit, his Roland 909 drum machine, he put out an EP of just 909 beats called Go Wild Rhythm Tracks. Frankie Knuckles, the resident DJ at The Warehouse, started hammering it. In 1985, as the local sound began to be called house, he steamed in there with a track called Move Your Body (The House Music Anthem). Although many in Chicago were making the same music - some better, some worse - this tune was lucky enough to become the accepted blueprint.

After that, and as he became more accomplished musically, Jefferson's sound lost its punky D.I.Y. feel and he became no different from the legions of producers now churning out a sophisticated form of the music he initially seemed to crystallize. During US house's zenith of 1989-90, he ruled the production and remix roost but he's done very little to get excited about since. When you look past all the blather, what you're going to get is good quality US house mixed well. He may be The Godfather of House but would you really want your Godfather DJing at a party? Support from Solstice (live).



Marshall Mattered about 20 years ago

MUTINY
SUNDAY 16 MARCH
SPIRIT €15

A timely Dublin DJing debut for South London duo Dylan Barnes and Rob Davy, aka Mutiny. Blending house with the dirtier aspects of dub, disco and electro, their two biggest tracks, Ya Self and Secrets, may well remind you of another, infinitely more famous South London duo. In fact, the first Mutiny e.p. actually featured Basement Jaxx' Simon Ratcliffe with Barnes, and the two of them had previously been responsible for a monster piano tune called Helicopter's On Yer Way. Yet another London duo, the Audio Bullys were recently given the Mutiny makeover, when their oi-oi anthem We Don't Care had the pair's glossy, menacing touch applied to it. Full credit to Spirit for seizing on them before they blow up big. Support from Spirit Residents.

EDDIE HALLIWELL & GLEAVE DOBBINS
SUNDAY 16 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €15

Nothing straying significantly from the usual Saturday night Temple goolie squeeze of hard house, hardbeat and trance. Belfast's Gleave Dobbin is the trancier end of things tonight, distinguishing himself from the pack recently with his Be With Me anthem, as Coast to Coast. Eddie Halliwell is UK hard house's new darling with his sneaky-fingered scratching and residency at the much-vaunted Good Greef clubnight WHERE?. Support TBC.

GODSKITCHEN
SUNDAY 16 MARCH
THE POINT €39/26

This UK superclub rolls into The Point for the second time in four months, giving the fluffy bra brigade another chance to vomit the night away on bogey pills to the sound of hyper-caffeinated trance and hardbeat. Except this time hardbeat (the sound of disenfranchised Dublin youth or the sound of your little brother wrecking your head, whichever you like) has been flushed out of the equation with the exception of Marco V. Which leaves us with the antiseptic trance of Paul Van Dyk, Armin Van Buren and Ferry Corsten. So, great gig if you're a 13-year-old boy, a fitness instructor or an American. Watch out for Jesus Freaks as well - this year's Fas Opportunities played host to the bizarre sight of the National Vocations Committee thundering out trance through a ghetto blaster at their 'Follow Him' stand. Support from Robbie Butler and Al Gibbs.

JON CARTER, MEDICINE8 & FREELANCE HELLRAISER

SUNDAY 16 MARCH
TIVOLI €16.90

Maybe if Jon Carter's ditsy boiler of a bird, Sara Cox, left him for a younger, more virile man - like what's happened to his mate Norman Cook - the resultant angst would spawn a burst of creativity. Because the dull fucker needs some form of dynamite up his hole. His most recent single, Humanism, bored the eyeballs off everyone but the dance music press, who seem to make a living out of sucking his cock. Expect stultifying tribal with none of the mischief and style he used to be associated with. Also on the bill is Carter's regular backdrop, Medicine8, with their vaguely proggy house, and Freelance Hellraiser whose infamous Strokes vs. Aguilera bootleg bodes well for a night of homemade fun. He's on upstairs, so stay up there. Support from Influx residents.

NIGHTMARES ON WAX (LIVE)

FRIDAY 21 MARCH
AMBASSADOR €22.50

Nearly ten years after it's release, Nightmares On Wax's debut album Smokers Delight still does exactly what it says on the tin - mainly due to the simplicity of ideas and the enduring appeal of the single Les Nuits (still regularly used in ads). Although there was always a great cinematic element to NOW's productions, it's been combined with slightly dull hip-hop over the last few releases which hasn't made for crucial listening. Still, the live show should be satisfyingly chilled enough to forget you're in the Ambassador. Support TBC.

MR. SCRUFF

FRIDAY 21 MARCH
RED BOX €15/10

In theory, horizontalists all over Dublin will have to rack their hash-burned, indecisive brains tonight over the big dilemma - Mr. Scruff here in the Red Box or Nightmares On Wax in the Ambassador? In truth, although Mr. Scruff originally became famous during the fog of trip-hop, he plays quite lively, funky downtempo sets with a distinctive smile to the proceedings. As massively unsuited to the new angry-looking Red Box as he is, Scruff is an excellent DJ with a practiced knack for eclecticism that keeps the floor happy. Support from Audiodelic Residents.

Joe 'real music' Clausell

JOE CLAUSELL

SATURDAY 22 MARCH
SPIRIT €20

The poor turnout for Joe 'Body And Soul' Clausell's appearance in the Red Box last year was palmed off with lofty talk about Dublin clubbers being ignorant and unable to 'appreciate real house music'. As superior as this sounds, it wasn't too far from the truth. Joe Clausell may be a big swinging mickey in New York but he doesn't mean shit to most Dubliners. The 'real' music in question doesn't provide the instant e-rush many clubbers require when they're off their knackers. And in the great New York tradition of disco party eclecticism, he's liable to play anything from soul to funk to disco - something his reputation allows him to get away with when most other DJs would be bottled off stage. He's a good DJ and legend to boot, but how he'll go down in a cultural void such as Spirit is anybody's guess. Support from Spirit Resident.

SCOTT PROJECT

SATURDAY 22 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

A great big hulking German with nasty looking dreads, Scott Project is definitely bad trip material if you find yourself stuck in the Temple with a head full of paranoid yokes on you. His music is no less scary and unpleasant. Chief example being last year's Firewire, a belligerent hard house ode to his favourite computer program. Support TBC.

LEE BURRIDGE

FRIDAY 28 MARCH
SPIRIT €15

One third (with Sasha and Craig Richards) of prog-breaksters Tyrant, Lee Burridge has got to be the only UK progressive house jock to cut his DJing teeth in Hong Kong and Thailand instead of the usual northern superclubs. Whatever the reasoning behind this, it certainly gave him a chance to develop out of reach of the genre's two-man tractor beam, Sasha and Digweed. While his peers in England were trying to keep up with Slash and Dickweed's three-day breakdowns, he was busy injecting breaks into the formula. Now Tyrant have more or less cornered the market in progressive breaks, which is - depending on your taste - either a refreshing blast of funk amid the fog or the same old shit with a breakbeat under it instead of a 4/4 kickdrum. Support from Spirit Residents.

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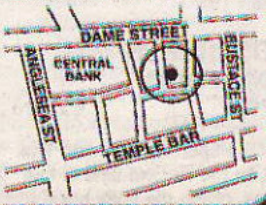

LAURENT GARNIER

FRIDAY 28 MARCH
RED BOX €20

TO BE hailed as The Best DJ In The World is an achievement for any jock in a market so saturated with mid-range talent. To be consistently, relentlessly crowned world champion to the point where it's actually a cliché, that's in a different league altogether. A few - Carl Cox, Sasha, Jeff Mills, Danny Tenaglia - know what it feels like. But they've had their backlashes, their fallow periods, their detractors. Frenchman Laurent Garnier has pretty much been getting The World's Greatest DJ tag for as long as anyone can remember with no arguments, no discussion. And no fuss, either.

What makes him such hot shit then? Well, he's almost 40 and for nearly three quarters of his life he's been DJing in some shape or form. By his early teens he was apparently already fairly accomplished. So when he moved to Manchester at 18 to avoid French military service, he was in the best possible position to tap into the Chicago house music revolution being led by Mike Pickering at the Hacienda. He caught early Detroit on the hop, too. Digesting these two large influences and adding them to his mothership of black and gay disco, plus reading club culture from both a European and UK perspective has simply given him a unique standpoint.

Garnier's sets span house, techno, disco, breaks and jungle and somehow operate from a zone above these genres. He can switch from Drexciya to Donna Summers in the flick of a crossfader because he understands it all. And most importantly, you can trust him to give you a great night, whatever he plays. Go along and see how it's meant to be done. Support from Robbie Butler.

Garnier the Great

JOHN AQUAVIVA
FRIDAY 28 MARCH
TBMC €17

Strange that while his Plus 8 Records partner-in-crime and fellow-Canadian Richie Hawtin became probably techno's biggest Playmate Centrefold, John Aquaviva has had to work hard to attain the steam off our collective piss in Dublin. He's arguably no less talented or notable, seeing as they both collaborated on the first, epoch-defining Cybersonic releases back in 1990, and Plus 8 Records - an early and excellent exponent of the pure, raw percussive techno sound - was their joint brainchild. Perhaps the fact that Aquaviva has immersed himself more in the business side of the label has seen him overlooked as the years went on. Or was it the unforgivable crime of dropping the Happy Clappers' cheery piano anthem I Believe in the middle of a colourless techno set back in 1995 on one of his first visits to Dublin? Either way, expect Hawtin in everything but name. Support from Fahrenheit 451 residents.

BREAKAGE
SATURDAY 29 MARCH
BELVEDERE BAR €12

Having successfully kicked their Refuge weekly club back off in the underwhelming Belvedere Bar, drum n bass collective Bassbin are launching yet another sub-label, Breakin'. And who better to head the launch than Breakage, the Dublin producer whose Mother Earth release has been causing the required mayhem down at the club. Expect top quality drum n bass with a funky edge. Support from Refuge residents.

THE GLIMMER TWINS
SATURDAY 29 MARCH
RED BOX €20

Saturday night guests at the Red Box are rarely chosen with careless abandon. They are usually plucked from a familiar roll call of Daves, Darrens, Nicks and Johns. Except tonight, which is a total anomaly. The Glimmer Twins are two ageing jocks from Ghent of whom it's safe to say nobody outside Belgium has ever heard. But in their home country their DJ status is almost equal to that of Soulwax/2ManyDJs, with whom they share a residency at Belgium's electroclash zone, Culture Club. Names like Erol Alkan and Tiga have been making approving noises and their night at Culture Club was recently feted as one of Jockey Slut's Top Ten International Nights Out. Expect that sleazy 80s sound. Support from Robbie Butler.

SCION (BASIC CHANNEL) & THE ADVENT
SATURDAY 29 MARCH
TBMC €TBC

Basic Channel's claim to fame is inventing laughably minimal, mantra like techno, which somehow rocks a dancefloor. The main man behind this legendary sound is the mysterious Maurizio, who unfortunately won't be playing here tonight. What you can expect from his labelmates Scion is real-time reworkings of old Basic Channel classics, using fancy new software. It should be a rewarding set if you have the patience for unbelievable repetition. Most modern techno mixes will contain at least one track from tonight's other guest, The Advent. His production and DJing tend towards the sadistically banging but he also plays electro and released a terrific electro album two years ago on DJ Hell's IDJ label. A good proper night of techno. Support from Electricity residents.

GABRY FRANSANO
SATURDAY 29 MARCH
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

This Italian hard trance hawker's publicity material has the brass neck to describe him as "a protagonist of European nightlife". Either his translator has been inhaling Butane Gas or that's the Italian way of saying "racket-making nobody on BXR Records". He's had one hit so far, Catapult, a tune that's likely to make your face twitch with irritation. Support TBC.

IAN POOLEY
SATURDAY 29 MARCH
TIVOLI 16.90

Those of you who thought that German dance music means banging zer schite out of it could do worse than checking out Ian Pooley tonight. After giving up on techno early in the 90s, Pooley went through a phase of bashing out good bouncy house with Detroit techno and latin overtones. However, his recent spate of releases on NRK haven't been quite up to standard, falling into that black hole between techno and house while at the same time sounding curiously dated. Nonetheless, he's just released an Excursions mix-CD on Obsessive Records which should give you a good idea what he's about as a DJ - lots of varied classic Detroit techno and house from the likes of Carl Craig and Frankie Knuckles.

Pooley - gave up on techno

Regular Clubbing

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

One of the trendier nights in Ri Ra, this sees waiters, wasters and other irregular types celebrate the start of the week by getting completely langified to an obvious enough but effective collection of 80s music. Last review February 2003

SOHO
RECESS €7.50

We would like to make it clear that we think that unscrupulous attempts by liquor license holders to seduce the Irish public into permanent drunkeness is nothing short of immoral and disgusting. And look at what is going on here - All drinks €3. Place is a fucking kip too.

SWITCH
SLAM €7/4

Atmospheric gay night with plenty of un-haggish women and a fairly unassuming older male crowd too. The music is laid on by DJ Karen who swings from queer garage to progressive classics.
Last review February 2003

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Hip hop, soul and funk - it's Rira, it's a successful formula with a decent crowd, it's always the same - does it matter who is playing?
Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €7/ FREE B4 11.30

There are not enough trendy assholes in Dublin to provide Spy with the clientelle they so badly wanted, so they've had to resort to letting in commoners. Proof of this unfortunate downmarket turn is this singer songwriter based night, where all manner of coarse indie fans are allowed in to swill cider and fall about the place as if they were attending some kind of rock concert. As these things go, it's not bad, and some interesting acts turn up. Selected cocktails 2 for the price of one, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE WITH TECHNO IGNITION €7

This hard techno night has become bizarrely popular again. On paper, it should be thrown right out the door - unforgiving, industrial techno in a dingy little kip on a fucking Tuesday, of all nights. But the drug mongrels keep coming back, so if you fancy necking a handful of pills and getting your week off to a flying start, you'll find plenty of like minded people here. DJs are Joe McGrath and GMcD, with fairly regular guests.
Last review February 2003

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE €8/7/5

All the rage with trendy little fags in tight t-shirts. The place itself isn't exactly the home of glamour or style, but they come here every Tuesday nonetheless and certainly seem to enjoy themselves. Unsavoury porn on screens all over the gaff. Vodka and Red Ball €4.
Last review January 2003

SPI BAR
TRINITY NIGHT €5/3

New student night in the forlorn quayside venue giving Hoorays the opportunity to get bladdered together to commercial pop and dance before getting mugged in the laneway next door. Open to plebs too. Review next month

TBMC
SALSA CLUB €8

A follow-on club to the salsa classes being held in the Music Centre from 7 - 10.30. So if instructor Dr Rumba didn't feel you up during the classes, here's another chance to put it out there in a leotard.

WEDNESDAYS

FIREWORKS
ER €7/6 WITH STUDENT ID

Shite but popular student night which is based around cheap booze and brutal chart music. This formula attracts an exciting concoction of squealing females and randy, ugly males. Last review February 2003

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

There has been talk of this dub reggae night moving its Grade A soundsystem to another venue after about half a millennium in the current location. But it is unlikely that they would be able to recreate the bass-heavy smoky atmosphere that regulars have grown to love if they moved on. Last reviewed September 2002

POD
LOGIC €7

Looks like this successful house and techno night could be on the way out, with resident DJ Scott McNaughton moving upstairs to the Red Box in the near future. All pints €1.90Double red bull and vodka €6.50. Last review February 2003

RIRA
U-TURN €7

Smooth rnb from Cork vetenarian Stevie G alonside Colm Kenefick. Brian Nevin plays upstairs. 758 % 6 = 126.3r. I Love NY.

SPY
BASSCAPE €TBC

Spy finally kick out the mods that were cluttering up the place on a Wednesday with their Dennis Waterman haircuts and Dad music. Enter drum n bass boys Kormac and Roscoe for a night which promises a hip-hop/dnb crossover. Review next month

SUGAR CLUB
FM104 FILM CLUB €7

Tthe basis of this night is as follows. You sign up as a member on the Sugar Club's website. Then they email you a list of films once a week. You vote for the one you'd most like to see, and the film with the most votes gets shown on the Wednesday. Plus you can booze, which sets it apart from most cinemas. Unhappily, FM104 are involved. March themes: 5 Gay and Lesbian, 12 Horror Double Bill, 19 Best Of Irish, 26 Musicals

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15/ W. GOLDCARD

This is more 'student' labelled crap - predictable charty music, lots of drunk 1st year students. No better or worse than any other comparible night. Decent rnb with Frank Jez downstairs though. All longnecks €3.
Last reviewed October 2002

TIVOLI
GENIUS €8/7/5 STUDENTS

Once an unstoppably popular techno night in the defunct Kitchen nightclub, since Genius moved to the Tivoli things have been much more up-and-down. The music policy has been watered down / broadened depending on your viewpoint, and now you can expect housey stuff as well as the usual bang bang techno. Residents Geoff Waltons, Peter Loop and Bubblebath. All drinks €3.
Last review October 2002

TBMC
GIGSMART €8/7/5 STUDENTS

Deafen yourself with some shit guitar music courtesy of local bands followed by an indie DJ. Watch out - it finishes at 1 a.m.

GEORGE
SPACE N VEDA €7

Alternative cabaret from thundering queen Veda Beau Reeves followed by rnb from Rocky T Delgado and old music from Dandelion.

SOHO
STUDENT NIGHT €7.50

Yet another attempt to corrupt the youth of Dublin by trapping them in an ugly function room, blaring pop music at them and throwing drink at them for next to nothing. All drinks €2.50.

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
BOOTY €5

Possibly the whitest RnB night in town, with a dancefloor full of uncoordinated leprechauns auditioning for the Ja Rule video they'll never be in. Jazz FM DJ Pure Silk knocks out Dre, J-Lo, Destiny's Child and pretty much every other RnB megahit from the last half decade. Last reviewed February 2003

FIREWORKS
WARM UP €FREE

Snot

METROPOLITAN
ELECTRICITY €7/5

New venue on the muthafucking scene. It's on Eden Quay beside O'Connell Bridge! Tonight will be an electro club with Simon Conway and others. Info next month.

POD
ACCESS ALL AREAS €TBC

After a good three year innings, the blackies and their rnb Vibe night have finally been ousted from the Pod to make way for an access all areas student night. The Pod will be incorporated into the existing student night in Red Box (below)

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/6

If someone ever decides to make an advert for never going near Red Bull again, all they'll have to do is walk around this place and poke the camera into a few of the testosterone-shrivelled student faces that are grimacing at each other across the dancefloor. A most unpleasant and aggressive atmosphere, which isn't helped by the head-melting mud that pours out of the decks at the behest of DJs Al Gibbs and Ian Clarke. €2 for selected pints, double vodka and Redbull €6.40. Last reviewed February 2003

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds will be DJing in Rira's on Thursdays from now on with a morose selection of hip hop, funk, disco and opera.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

Why are there queues outside this distasteful rubbish dump on a Thursday? The mixture of disfigured looking podium dancers, average music and asshole students make it a most univiting proposition. Last reviewed January 2003

SPY
SOUL PATROL €7 / FREE B4 11.30

Soul Patrol has a top quality roster of house DJs (including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Stef Hoffman and Billy Scurry) which is completely wasted on a dancefloor full of trendy squares who clearly aren't taking any pills. Last reviewed February 2003

SUGAR CLUB
LAUGHING CLUB €15

Comedy night. Details some time in the next century.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

Another Switch night that is on the up after the venue's period in the shit. This club is run by Power FM and their excellent DJs knock out a good midweek mix of mainly house tunes. Recommended. Pints €1.90, all shots €3. Last reviewed February 2003

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

This night is getting a bit of a makeover which will involve some live music and the likes of Shaun Ryder turning up to DJ to an adoring audience of drunken mods. Last reviewed August 2002.

TIVOLI
DISCOBALL €7/6/5

More mediocre student carry on. Crowds vary. Dodgy music, dodgy venue. Last reviewed November 2002.

TRAFFIC
CHOICE CUTS €6/5

New venue for this hip hop based night with DJ Scope and his ladyboys. It used to run up in Mono with success and works very well in Ri Ra once a month, acting as a handy focal point for the city's wigger community. Sometimes the DJing isn't very conducive to dancing though, with some lads doing lots of frenzied scratching and then failing to beat mix. Nonetheless, the music is generally top notch.

GEORGE
SONGS FROM THE LAST CENTURY €8

Or Shit You Didn't Like The First Time 'Round. 80s and 90s disco with DJ Stuart Jackson.

SOHO
STUDENT NIGHT €7.50

Pegs do what they do best - encourage fights and teen pregnancies with their cheap booze nights. All drinks €2.50

VOODOO
HOT BONES €5

All kinds of shit from Dave Cleary who is a good dancefloor and bar DJ. Crap name. Review next month.

FRIDAYS

FIREWORKS
REFUEL AFTER WORK €5

If you really have to drink your tits off to forget about your manky job, you could do it in more style than here. Review on the twelfth of never.

COYOTE
KUDOS €8

Where you can 'destroy Saturday mornings with an uplifting mix of upfront tunes'. Destroy this kip instead, and do it tonight for optimum extermination of depressed office workers.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

A sometimes interesting music policy which includes lots of downtempo noodling is totally wasted on the twats that frequent this nasty posh hole. Sosumu Yokota plays a DJ set on 7 March.

POD
HAM €10/8

One of the few homo options in the city which has a music policy, this is anchored by Tonie Walsh, Shay Hannon and Hugh Scully who play mainly house music. Good crowds, decent option. Last review November 2002

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

This place used to be reasonably cool about five years ago but now it's dull enough. Salsa and other kinds of music predominate, and a slightly older crowd get drunk. Goes on til about 4am. Last review November 2002

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

Rock based night for young indie fans. Place isn't the nicest but it works well for this kind of thing - lots of drinking, air guitar and singing along. Good night. Last reviewed November 2002.

METROPOLITAN
HUSTLE €10/8

Long-running deep house night sets up camp in this new Eden Quay joint. Billy Scurry and Mark Dixon are residents. Review next month.

SUGAR CLUB
LIVE MUSIC €15

A live band with cabaret before hand. Try not to die with excitement. Review next month.

TBMC
FARENHEIT 451 €17/15

Promising enough dance night with an emphasis on US house, hip-hop and drum n bass guests - see Once Off Clubbing for details. Simon F and Tac-Tic play breaks in the bar. Review next month.

GEORGE
FLUFFY €9

Kylie and Liberty X remixes from DJ Fluffy in a fairly gay atmosphere. Review next month.

write for us, niggaz
email clubbing@theslate.ie

FRIDAYS cont.

REDBOX
110TH STREET €10/15 WHEN GUESTS

Numbers are still patchy at this Dublin outpost of the excellent culchie punk-disco night in Galway. But the music is the latest in 80s new wave-y house and the guests are fresh and interesting. Watch out for fashion victims dressed as Adam Ant. Last review January 2003.

RIRA
RINKA €10

Gerry Molumby upstairs. Choice Cuts - a quality hip hop club happens once as a month as does Rocker's Revenge - a completely guitar orientated night - Donal Dineen and a special guest. We have little else to say - generally a good night out.

SPIRIT
PROPHECY €15

Big club with lots of different areas. The chillout bit downstairs is one of the coolest rooms you'll find in a Dublin club, but the rest of the place (and the music) is indifferent.

SOHO
FULL MOON PARTY €8/5

A hilarious rave-like atmosphere prevails at this hippy trance extravaganza. The place is full of foreigners walking around in day-glo outfits and taking magic mushrooms at every available turn as hard psychedelic trance (a very retro sounding type of music) hammers out of the speakers. Amazingly, the organisers have managed to recreate the atmosphere of a crustie encampment in one of Dublin's most notoriously dour venues. It works and is well worth a visit for anyone who is bored of the Smirnoff Ice club culture that has Dublin by the bollocks at the moment. Bacardi Breezers €2.50 Last reviewed February 2003

SPY
BETTY FORD CLINIC €10

The Betty Ford Clinic is an expensive nuthouse for celebrities who have nervous breakdowns. Spy is a nightclub where Irish people get drunk. Is there some kind of connection that we're missing? Housey kind of music policy downstairs with Scott MacNaughton, eclectic shit upstairs with some other bunch of cunts.
Last reviewed October 2002.

SWITCH
DELUXE €12/11

Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey's techno gig recently got the boot here, and has been replaced with a deep house night. This has had people bitching about the ubiquity of house in Dublin and while such complaints are legitimate, few can argue with the calibre on offer here. The remains of the Central outfit who ran the fantastic Sunday night club in Switch for years are teaming up with Cork's Shane Johnson and Greg Dowling for what should be a night of excellent music. Well worth investigating.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION €13/10

Randy black lads chasing after white Irish bitches with a soundtrack of mainstream and underground rnb. Loads of people go, the atmosphere is great, as are the regular UK guests. Check it out if you haven't been to an rnb club before.
Last review September 2002

TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT)
BABY BROTHER €12/15 FOR GUESTS

Savage hardcore music from Mark Kavannagh. Dublin's only weekly hard house club.

TIVOLI
I LOVE HOUSE €10/8

Tacky house from 2fm's Conor G, Ronan O and friends. UK superclub Cream limp in on the last Friday of each month with some overpaid has-been guest. Totally shit name for a club night too.

THE VAULTS
MOBO €€0

What was supposed to be an RnB night in this oversized hair salon turned out to be a full-on husband hunting evening hosted by a bunch of madams in see-through white trousers. Theme music: Witness the Shitness.
Last review February 2002

TRAFFIC
MODEL 1 €8

A welcome return to weekly action from Dublin techno posse D1, who attracted an amusingly trendy crowd to their launch. This dark basement venue suits them well, and last month's form suggest that they may rescale the heights reached during the Model 1 residency at Switch. Expect plenty of live performance, the odd bit of electro, and techno that steers clear of the banging nonsense you'll find in a lot of Dublin clubs. Last review February 2002

VOODOO
LO FAT €5

Formerly a midweek drum and bass night in the cavernous Temple Bar Music Centre, this is now a hip hop-driven weekend affair in the equally enormous Voodoo. However, the shape and feel of Voodoo suits what these guys are doing a bit better, and you could do worse if you're in the area. Last review February 2002

SATURDAYS

THE BAR
BODYTONIC FREE

This nomadic night has found yet another venue, this time beside the Four Courts. Underground house is the name of the game here, and previously this lot organised some excellent gigs before Christmas with David Duriez and Calum Walker. The venue is quite bar-like as opposed to like a club - they'll need to fuck plenty of chairs out the window to make space for a dancefloor. We'll keep you informed.

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Gathering place for what remains of Dublin's Gothic community. Full-on makeup, mad costumes and bisexuality. Bulmers cider will be the most popular drink of the night. Last review October 2002

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Similar swaying of unattractive drunk bodies to what you'll find here on a Friday. Open late. Last review October 2002

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

The Doors, the Strokes, the Smiths, etc. - successful indie night for young students. They run a Grove nostalgia night once a month, a northside rocker disco in which school kids used to go knacker drinking and taking acid in the park near the place before heading in to try and have sex with the person nearest them. Ring the Isaac Butt for more details if you used to go there. Last review October 2002

Have we got it arseways? Let us know what you think of these clubs by emailing a review to clubbing@theslate.ie

METROPOLITAN
REFUGE €10

Drum n bass outfit Bassbin have wisely moved from the appalling Belvedere Hotel and set up shop down O'Connell St on Eden Quay. While they were there, they still managed to have a very sizeable crowd going completely mad on their opening night, reminding everybody why their previous incarnation in Switch was so popular. **March DJs: 1st** Beta 2/ZeroTolerance Source/Jet Li **8th** Rohan and Nu-Killa Crew (Limerick), **15th** Genie and Ali **22th** TBA **29th** Breakin Records Launch

POD/REDBOX
AAA €20/15 B4 12

The new access all areas thing is working out well here, giving you the chance to go exploring if you get bored with the music in one area. Excellent deep house from Billy Scurry, Shane Johson and others in the Pod, funk and more laidback stuff in the Chocolate Bar and big international guests of varying types in the Redbox. Check once off listings for more details. Last review November 2002.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

More of a house thing going on here than usual, with Emma C knocking out obvious enough tunes by the likes of Groove Armada downstairs. Upstairs you'll find Dave Cleary - a DJ with a good sense of how to put his RnB tunes together. One of Ri Ra's busiest nights and a good option if you're planning on going out on the piss. Last review February 2003.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday here. Hugh Scully has started DJing in the last few month's and seems more capable of stringing his tracks together than the donkeys who preceded him on playlist-reading duty. Still not great music, though, but about 1,500 people seem to be enjoying themselves here. Last review February 2003.

SPY
CRASH €12/11

Rocky T Delgado knocks out an interesting take on the 80s theme upstairs while Quilli makes a bollox of whatever it is he's supposed to be playing downstairs. Plenty of fake tits around if you're into that shit. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €14

Could this be the next Switch night for the chop? Mutterings of a techno takeover abound. So far, it's been a passable evening of house, with the odd interesting guest. Has always done reasonably well on the numbers front. March listings: 01 Eddy Temple Morris, 08 Brian Cody, 15 Ron's Mobile Disco (house set), 22 Jennifer Fahy (Jazz FM), 29 Eoghan Young. Last review October 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €20

Check out our once-off listings for more info on this hard house and trance meeting place for the mad Dublin ravers. Jay Pidgeon,

Little Rohan the Bassbin man

Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit support mainly UK and Italian guests.

THE VAULTS
URBAN €10

Ageing radio jock Tony D has mysteriously disappeared from behind the decks here. The attendant shower of pricks are now entertained by Al Murray. Rnb for people who hate music.

TIVOLI
INFLUX €15

This house and techno club is mainly a guest-orientated night, but has drawn some big crowds recently on the strength of residents Johnny Moy, Redsettaz and Philth. Part of the draw is almost certainly the fact that it runs on for about an hour after most Dublin clubs have shut. Sometimes features good drum n bass upstairs too. Last review February 2003

TRAFFIC
SOME HOUSE NIGHT €10

The worrying combination of 2FM's Conor G, Nova FM's Ronan O No and Paddy Sheridan can only mean one thing - not very good house music.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €8 AFTER 10

Funkmaster Lee is the resident lunatic here, and RnB the musical style (as you might have gathered from the night's understated name). Lee specialises in dancing around the stage like a demented scarecrow while the music is playing. Selected cocks and pints €3.50, selected shots €2.50 between 4 & 8pm. Last review July 2002

TBMC
VARIOUS €12 (TEASE)/VARIES

Generally good techno-oriented music from floating promoters including Rosman, D1, Bassbin and U:Mack. Gay night Tease on the first of every month.

Bigbrother records

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To keep up with brand new LP & CD releases on labels such as Naked, Peacefrog, Def Jux, Chez, Aruba, City Rockers, Om, Thrill Jockey, Gigolo, Leaf, Simply Vinyl, Morr Musik, Kompakt, People etc etc etc please send us an email to join up !!

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SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Decent rnb and hip hop session, hosted by Stevie G, Al Murray and some other lads who seem to know what they're doing. The mixed crowd gets well into it. Last reviewed: September 2002

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY €7 AFTER 10

The shoddy old Grand Dame of Dublin gay venues hosts a totally camp bingo session with Shirley Temple Bar from those National Lottery ads. DJ Fluffy takes over afterwards.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Excellent club which is now doubling up as a record label. So far their releases have consisted of live recordings from these early evening gatherings in the International's tiny upstairs room. Music tends to come from reasonably well-known performers from Dublin's underground scene - often at the electronica end of things. Last reviewed: February 2003

RIRA
TAIL SPIN €7

Usual Ri Ra medley with regular poetry readings from the County Kildare Citizen Traveller group. The will be Celtic clairvoyants doing anus readings also.

SPY
HILTON EDWARDS €8

When your mission statement is to facilitate a process described as 'lounging for gays,' you can hardly complain when your club ends up packed out with the city's biggest assholes. Last reviewed February 2002.

SUGAR CLUB
THE BITTER END €10/13

UN resolutions permitting, we will review this live acoustic session next month.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6 AFTER 11

Now that the Pod doesn't open on Sundays, this night has taken over as the best end-of-weekend session in town. The crowds are picking up very well, and the atmosphere is beginning to match the Central days of old, with plenty of whistling and shouting on the dancefloor and a diverse crowd of maniacs in attendance. Again, it's house music pretty much all night, with the venue's shabby interior being well disguised with decorations. It goes on late too, although they did have a visit from the Gardai last month. Last review February 2002

TRAFFIC
NYLON €8

New night from the lads who used to run Monkey Tennis in the Thomas House and then Nylon in Wax. DJs'll include Arveene, Trixton and Nic James.

DJ Bar Listings

4 DAME LANE
DAME LANE, D2

Monday: Boogaloo (Mikey upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs)
Tuesday: Lizard Lounge (Conor Irwin Upstairs, Aoife Ni Canna downstairs)
Wednesday: Murandishi (Darragh skelton upstairs, guests downstairs)
Thursday: El Barrio (Pat McMellow and Gerry Molumbi)
Friday: Aidan Kelly upstairs, Darragh Skelton downstairs
Saturday: DJ Nick upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs
Sunday: The Workers Party (Aidan Kelly and Dandelion)

THE BAR
THE LEGAL EAGLE, THE 4 COURTS

Thursday: Soul Riot (Rory Murfi and Brian Harrington - soul, funk, hip-hop, house)
Friday: Mz Led and Peter Fahny (soul, funk, hip-hop, house, rnb)
Saturday: Bodytonic and Discotonic (deep house and disco with Tayor and guests)
Sunday: Open deck night

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: The Music Club (Singer/Songwriters)
Thursday: Open Deck night
Friday: Bleep (Decal and guests - electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Recreate SIM promotions (electro & techno)
Sunday: Easy listening Vinyl in assoc. with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records. (Keith Downey and guests - Chill out)

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Monday: Vibrator
Wednesday: Marmalade - fortnightly (DJ Aido - World music, nu-jazz, french house, soul, afrobeat)
Friday: Downstairs - Culture Clinic (Ram and Matt Lock - reggae). Upstairs - Studio B (dnb and dancehall with Bee)
Saturday: Monkey Tennis / Capsule alternate (eclectic)
Thursday: Spin Cycle (eclectic)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Fri: Hells Kitchen with Pete Pamf and Claire plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Tues: French hip-hop (DJ Charlie)
Sat: Promised Land with Poppie or Tarquin plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Sun: Poison (DJ Ram - reggae)
Thurs: Bronagh Gallgher plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Wed: Singer-songwriter night

GRAYS
NEWMARKET SQUARE, THE COOMBE

Thursday: Neuromantek & Paddy Butler (D1) alternate
Friday: Monkey Tennis, the Alphabet St & Thomas The Skank Engine all alternate

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Tuesday: Joy (soul sister - classic soul jazz funk
Wednesday: Open Deck
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (hip-hop, rnb)
Friday: Rohan (mixed bag) and Edisons Medicine
Saturday: Thierry, Gordon Maher and Phil T Frog (funky house)
Sunday: Philter feat. Colin and Steve (deep grooves, soul, funk)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Tuesday: The Company (live jazz)
Wednesday: Busty's G-Spot (cabaret)
Thursday: The Craic House (comedy)
Friday: Kajagubu (Mark Kelly - 80's night)
Sunday: Jazz Action (Live jazz band from 5-7, 8pm Marion doing tarot readings)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: Nello Romano (house)
Saturday: Eddie Eustace & Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace & Nello and Mr Moto (house)

MOLLOYS
CHRISTCHURCH

Tuesday: Alphabet Set (experimental, hip-hop)
Wednesday: Singer-songwriter night
Thursday: DJ Karla
Friday: Babylon Club (dnb downstairs)
Saturday: Feedback: Gedge and Gint (house music) plus Alphabet Set, first of every month
Sunday: Acoustic Freedom (live bands)

SOLAS (FORMERLY MODERN GREEN BAR)
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: Freestyle (Barstaff DJs - funk, hip-hop, soul, disco)
Tuesday: ENO (hip-hop, funk)
Wednesday: Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)
Thursday: Pete Panf (hip hop)
Friday: Fionn Davenport (funk, hip hop)
Saturday: Morgan (eclectic)
Sunday: Mark Kelly (funk)

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Friday: DJ Steve (commercial)
Saturday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Sunday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Thursday: DJ Simon F and Tac-Tic (beats & breaks)

THE PROJECT ARTS CENTRE
ESSEX ST, D1

Friday: Jason O'Callaghan (soul, funk)
Saturday: Sean Scully and Padraig Disconaut (deep house)

RICHARD HAWLEY
LOWEDGES SETANTA

"Richard Hawley takes more time out from his duties as Pulp's [touring] guitarist..." is how the press release for this album somewhat disingenuously begins. With Pulp apparently on permanent hiatus Hawley couldn't have picked a better time to hit his stride as a solo artist. He has long enjoyed a reputation as an excellent guitarist (despite only having the use of three fingers on his right hand) but Lowedges marks him out as a singular talent with a passion for Roy Orbison, Scott Walker and his old Triumph Trophy motorcycle. And his vocal prowess is such that, on first listen, it seems incredible that he did not try his hand at being a frontman until his late 30s. Repeated listens though do reveal that he has some shortcomings as a songwriter, both lyrically and musically. (Also, the camera's tendency to blot out his face with shadow suggests that he may be grotesquely ugly.) But these factors are more than offset by his penchant for mood and understatement. Recommended.

FUTURESHOCK
PHANTOM THEORY JUNIOR

Proggy housers Futureshock turn out an album of drab, second-rate club tracks which ensures their status as a perfectly middle-of-the-road outfit who nobody would miss if they disappeared. A while back they were hot news, and a number of big remix jobs got sent their way, including Groove Armada's 'I see you baby' and Underworld's 'Cowgirl'. On the basis of Phantom Theory they'd be lucky to be offered work by Cliff Richard. Although it starts off promisingly enough with Statikman which makes great use of a ravey noise and would undoubtedly go down well if you were five pills to the wind, it quickly degenerates into an anonymous mess of upbeat but predictable crap. It's a bit like being stuck on a treadmill - you hear music going by but it seems like the same track has been playing for three hours. The only diversion is the completely vacuous chanted male vocals that make an appearance every now and then. Unremarkable stuff overall.

BUCK 65
SQUARE WARNER

Namechecks by Thom Yorke and widespread critical acclaim for his last album have lead to a lot of attention being heaped on hip hop artist Richard Terfry, aka Buck 65. And although it may jar to see someone from Anticon (a collective of particularly underground musicians) appearing on a major label, this release has still been highly anticipated. By comparison to the abstractions of Man Overboard (his previous album) Square is less lo-fi and more radio-friendly. There are nice keyboard harmonies working against dragging rhythms throughout and Buck's gravelly-voiced delivery is effective. But there is certainly a sense that the tension and angst that drove the last album is somewhat lacking. Square is fluent enough, but it operates more as commentary than story and the range of beats is frustratingly limiting. It's also notable that the stand-out number, track 4 (there are no track titles on the album) is the one most reminiscent of Man Overboard. A little disappointing then, but worth listening to.

SINGLE OF THE MONTH

RIRA
ALLCITY RECORDS
25 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Ex-Scary Eire rapper Rira delivers a top class single on this Irish label. Scary Eire were an under-achieving 80s hip hop band whose debut album never saw the light of day. Many people wrote them off as a joke, with their Irish rap-accents and comedy lyrics which religiously praised being on the dole, drinking and smoking hash. While not much has changed in Rira's world, his latest single is a cracking piece of dub influenced hip hop. His strong culchie brogue may give the track a faintly ridiculous feel but that's half the point (far better than some cunt trying to sound like he's from Compton), particularly in the light of his desire to stay up til '25 o'clock in the morning' boozing and smoking. Rira may be a limited enough MC, but this single hangs together very well in a deranged kind of way. It's a pity it's only available on vinyl.

Are you loth't?

If so why not check out the debut album from Dublin electronica producer Chequerboard.
Available from Tower Records, HMV, Freebird, Spindizzy & Road.

"Fourteen tracks marry a musical box of icy chimes and wintry melodies with an inviting acoustic warmth"
Cammon Sweeney -hotpress

"It's an ability to harvest almost orchestral sweeps of sound, Warp-style background noises and an accomplished regard for astute melodies which mark this album as one to explore further..."
Jim Carroll - The Irish Times

WWW CHEQUERBOARD.NET

Cinema

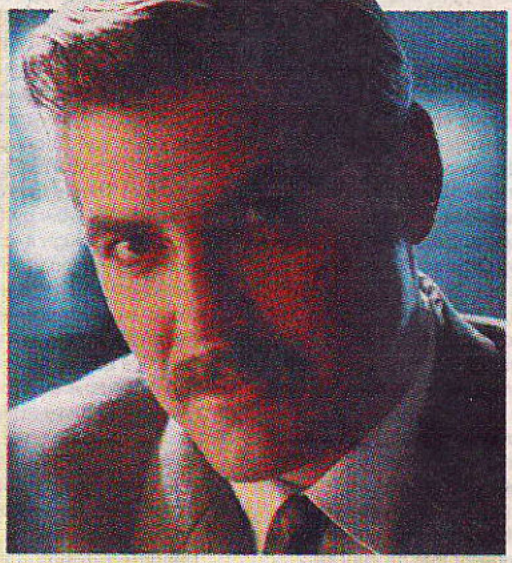
DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

THURSDAY 06 TO THURSDAY 13 MARCH
SAVOY, SCREEN AND IRISH FILM CENTRE CINEMAS

This new festival is programmed by Michael Dwyer from the Irish Times and fancies itself as "the major new international film festival on the spring cultural calendar between Berlin and Cannes," according to pre-publicity. That claim would appear to be a hilarious lie, as nearly all the big films screened get a general release in Dublin this month anyway. But they're trying at least and, with more than 70 titles to be shown over the 8 days, this marks a welcome break from the blockbuster muck that Dubliners usually have to make do with.

The line-up includes a few major new American films such as Spike Lee's The 25th Hour starring Edward Norton, and The Life Of David Gale starring Kevin Spacey.

Other notables include Joel Schumacher's highly acclaimed thriller Phonebooth. This screening should give everyone the chance to knock the bollox off Colin Farrell, who stars in the film and is due to be making an appearance on the night. There's also some promising dirty carry-on in Secretaries which documents the secret S&M activities in an office. All times, dates and prices TBC.

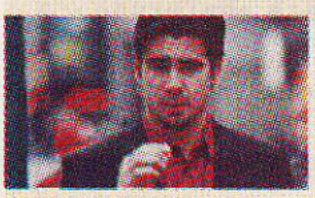


I really dig myself

CONFESSIONS OF A DANGEROUS MIND

DIRECTOR: GEORGE CLOONEY
STARRING: GEORGE CLOONEY, DREW BARRYMORE, JULIA ROBERTS, FRED SAVAGE

This yoke has vanity project stamped all over it. George Clooney seems to have his hand in everything to do with the film bar making lunch on-set, and he naturally gets a plum role as a laconic, 'tache sporting CIA agent. He's clearly bullied the cinematographer into making him look as much like Omar Sharif as possible and while everyone else in the film is subjected to harsh reality lighting most of the time, George only gets shot in loving, opulent Clooneyvision. The story is a biography of dislikeable shit Chuck Barris (Sam Rockwell) who supplements his career in exploitative TV game shows by being a killer for the CIA. There are two women in his life along the way, Penny (Barrymore) and Patricia (Roberts). Because Barris is such a sorry prick you stop giving a toss what happens to him early on and start to ponder more worthy things like just how bad an actress Julia Roberts really is and how Drew Barrymore manages to be cute while actually looking physically handicapped from certain angles. Clooney should heed the glaring advice that was dished out to his predecessors Warren Beatty and Robert Redford - you're a middle-aged woman's poster boy, just grin and fucking bear it and stop trying to be credible.



Cool Colin Farrell

RULES OF ATTRACTION

DIRECTOR:ROGER AVARY
STARRING: FRED SAVAGE, JENNIFER BEALS, JAMES VAN DER BEAK

The Rules of Attraction is a rare example of the film being better than the book. Adapted from the 1987 Bret Easton Ellis novel, it deals centrally with the emotional train wreck that is the love lives of a bunch of dysfunctional, trust fund kids on a New England campus. The acting's great all round, with a fine dollop of sex (chemical fuelled, imagined and unwanted) unrequited love, suicide and angry drug dealers. Special care is taken with the intricate plot to tell it from various angles and in different ways and there's an impressive soundtrack. The only drawback is that there's a smell of MTV off the whole thing. However, given the subject matter, we are at least not subjected to a happy ending - or even a definite one - and The Rules of Attraction does much to right the damage done to the teen movie genre of late. Definitely worth a look.

JACKASS: THE MOVIE

DIRECTOR: JEFF TREMAINE
STARRING: JOHNNY KNOXVILLE, CHRIS PONTIUS, THE REST OF THE JACKASS TEAM

MTV's nightly dose of fratroom frolics has graduated to a full-length cinema release, for brazenly commercial reasons. If you're familiar with Jackass, you'll be amazed either at the stupidity of it, or at how entertaining it can be watching a couple of unemployed stuntmen and strippers saying 'dude' and trying to electrocute each other with a Slendertone machine. And for those unfamiliar, the drill is: Americans (led by Johnny Knoxville) attempt dangerous, mindless stunts and usually end up getting badly hurt. The much-vaunted 'x-rated' scenes are barely more that what you'd see every night on the MTV show. So, great fun if you're bored but otherwise wait for the video release.

MAID IN MANHATTAN

DIRECTOR:WAYNE WANG
STARRING: JENNIFER LOPEZ, RALPH FIENNES

J-Lo continues her increasingly neurotic campaign to convince us she's 'real', returning to the streetwise single mother formula for the second time in six months. She plays Marisa Ventura from - surprisingly enough - the Bronx, a hotel maid Marisa who falls for aspiring politician Christopher Marshall (Fiennes). Fiennes runs through his entire range of slightly puzzled smiles in a vain attempt to create some sort of chemistry with Lopez. Worth watching for the surprisingly topical ending where a team of Al-Qaeda operatives slaughter the entire hotel, Dynasty season finale-style. OK, maybe not. Turkey.

ADAPTATION

DIRECTOR: SPIKE JONZE
STARRING: NICHOLAS CAGE, MERYL STREEP

Anyone who's seen Being John Malkovitch will know well what a headwrecking brute of a film it is, playing hard on your perceptions of fantasy and reality. There's more of that kind of carry on in Adaptation, which pairs up the same team of director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman. The film deals with Kaufman's experiences adapting Susan Orlean's book The Orchid Thief for film, but is done like a feature rather than a documentary with Kaufman played by Cage and Orlean by Streep. The main thrust of the story is Charlie's performance anxiety about adapting the novel - he suffers severely from paranoid self loathing (granted, he is fat and bald). In this role Cage is genuinely convincing. However he also plays Kaufman's (fictional) twin brother, Don, and his ability to represent two separate characters who interact without the slightest hint of trick photography is outstanding. You completely forget it's the same actor. Adaptation ultimately goes a great deal further than the much-feted About Schmidt to evoke the mind of a man for whom the world is too harsh a reality.

THE RING

DIRECTOR: GORE VERBINSKI
STARRING: NAOMI WATTS

This horror is a remake of the 1998 Japanese ghost story, Ringu, a film which was renowned for scaring the shit out of anyone who was up late watching dirty programmes on Channel 4. As you might imagine, this is a watered down, Multiplexed shadow of the original. The story is the same: a mysterious videotape kills its viewers seven days after they watch it. Rachel Weller (Watts) investigates. But director Gore Verbinski seems intent on force-feeding us the low-level plot, just stopping short of pointing cartoon arrows at the clues. As if we were all Americans without the ability to stay easy in our seats and not go off to the cinema shop whenever no one's getting naked onscreen. The only scary (and good) thing about the film is the video itself which is completely overused. Let's hope the sequel is better.

THE RECRUIT

DIRECTOR: RODGER DONALDSON
STARRING: AL PACINO, COLIN FARRELL, BRIDGET MOYNAHAN

This is Al Pacino's third film in little over six months (the others were Insomnia and Simone) and if he exposes himself any more he'll probably get arrested. Pacino plays Burke, a C.I.A. spook who is nearing the end of his years nailing pinko lefties. He is now training wannabee spies like James (Farrell) and Leila (Bridget Moynahan) to foil Joe Commie. James is particularly promising and gets given a special assignment by Burke, but is all what it seems?

Firstly, the Bush administration should be eternally thankful for this film. It's message amounts to a prime slice of war propaganda - National Interest is more important than Love Interest or Self Interest. Imminent war is possibly the only time Hollywood will compromise on its basic happy-ever-after principles. Secondly, you have to hand it to Pacino for raising his game recently and bringing us a character utterly different from the leads in Simone and Insomnia - just when it was thought that he might disintegrate into a collection of mannerisms.

But if it's mannerisms you're after, co-star Farrell could give Pacino a masterclass in mugging. All the useless cunt does is make faces. His pleading face, his cajoling face, his smouldering face - all finely honed down the school disco - may work wonders with gay men and Castleknock mammies but amount to nothing but gurning next to Pacino. He's not Brad Pitt. He's not even Mel Gibson. He's Richard Gere. And without Pacino, this film would be An Officer And A Gentleman.

Why are there two pictures of that Farrell gimp in this section?

FRIDA

DIRECTOR: JULIE TAYMOR
STARRING: SALMA HAYEK, ANTONIO BANDERAS, EDWARD NORTON

Frida: Arse-numbingly long

You'd wonder how the team behind this arse-numbingly long biopic of Mexican artist Frida Kahlo (Hayek) ever got it past the suits in Hollywood. On paper, it's no one's idea of popcorn fodder. Kahlo was an early 20th century painter who overcame a horror tram accident at 18 which nearly disemboweled her to become one of Mexico's most prominent artistic and political figures. Well, if the prospect of that doesn't distract American teenagers from getting each other pregnant at 'the mall' then what will? Maybe that's why there's a sex scene every five minutes and plenty of hot lesbo action as Frida plays on the other side of the fence to annoy her husband, muralist and womanising fathead Diego Rivera (Molina). It's actually an exhilarating and clever blast of a film though. Hayek is nothing less than stunning in the lead role, the soundtrack is great and you won't miss the lack of explosions or action heroes.

MOONLIGHT MILE

DIRECTOR: BRAD SILBERLING
STARRING: DUSTIN HOFFMAN, SUSAN SARANDON, JAKE GYLLANHAAL

If the words 'family drama' make you want to staple your genitals to a moving train, you won't last five minutes in a cinema with Moonlight Mile. It's the story of nice parents Ben (Hoffman, pictured above) and JoJo (Sarandon) coming to terms with the freak shooting of their daughter Diane, along with her fiancé Joe (Gyllanhaal) who is still living in their house. Their grief is made more complicated by the resultant court case, where their lawyer (Holly Hunter) sets the bar at nothing less than the death sentence. Inside these major events, various micro-dramas bubble, mainly seen through Joe's eyes. What holds this vaguely soapy story together is outstanding acting and great swathes of drama that keep you gripped to the screen. You'd expect it from Hoffman and Sarandon but Jake Gyllanhaal trumps them both and is surely heading for greatness. Recommended.